

## The Critic

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### Reviews

#### Herman Grimm's "Essays on Literature"\*

GALTON's 'hobby' of hereditary genius certainly has remarkable light thrown upon it by the family group of the Grimms. Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm were the founders of the modern scientific school of Teutonic philology, lexicography, and myth-lore; they made the most famous collection of popular tales of which we have any knowledge; and they showed with untiring patience and talent the intimate connection between all the Teutonic kin and their Aryan cousins on the sides of language and religion, fundamental thought and literary product. A third brother Ludwig was a distinguished painter and professor at the Court of Cassel. Herman Grimm, author of the essays under consideration, is the son of Wilhelm, and is probably the most brilliant essayist and art critic now using the German as his vernacular (Brandes, who writes in German, is a Dane). Talent in this case at least seems directly descended, even if, in the case of the Racines and Corneilles, only a scrap of the mantle fell on the son. Herman Grimm is the author of the authoritative *Life of Michael Angelo*; and also of notable essays on the Venus of Milo and Raphael (published in German by Henry Holt & Co.). Instead of following the philological footsteps of the great authors and compilers of the 'Heldensage,' the 'Deutsche Mythologie,' the 'Märchen,' the 'Wörterbuch,' and the 'Deutsche Grammatik,' he has followed the æsthetic bent of his uncle Ludwig and turned the powers of a keen, concentrated, spiritually discerning mind on the great painters and the great thinkers, such as Emerson, Goethe, and Voltaire. The essays in this volume that please us best are those on Emerson, the Brothers Grimm, and Bettina von Arnim, the friend of Goethe. There are others on France and Voltaire, Voltaire and Frederick the Great, Albert Dürer, and Dante; but none seem so full of meat and marrow as these. Grimm is the leading German Emersonian, and the two essays devoted to the American Pascal are characterized by a delicacy of insight and a fineness of appreciation not usually found in the heavy Teutonic organization. At first puzzling if not unintelligible to him, 'Emerson,' says Grimm, 'soon shot beams of light into my soul; and from the perusal, dictionary in hand, of a chance copy of the American lent him by a friend, the German became first a puzzled, then an impassioned admirer and student of Emerson, sounded his praises among friends and contemporaries, and ultimately undertook a translation of him into German. To Grimm as to Tyndall and to others, Emerson was a true 'far-darting Apollo,' shooting beams of light into people's souls and illuminating the *camera obscura* there. The beautiful tribute to Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, the incomparable *gebrüder*, who were twins in soul, in sympathy, and almost in age, will long remain one of the tenderest fragments of filial biography.

Bettina von Arnim glows anew like a rekindled spark under the memorial criticism of her friend, and through him we

see one of the most remarkable women of her time uniting with Humboldt in exercising over all who came near her the fascinations of wit, eloquence, and intellectual distinction—a Madame de Staël touched with the strangeness of the North and full of the poetic mysticism of a north. Bettina held a sort of regal court and magnetized like Rahel von Ense the impressionable youth that crowded about her. She still tingled as a septuagenarian with the touch of Goethe's hands, and could tell of the wonderful days of Werther and Weimar and all the marvels of the *Sturm und Drang*. In Voltaire and Frederick the Great we have a piquant contrast as of acid to oil: these great men are scrutinized with the eye of a *savant* and the appreciation of a scholar: their mingled composition is saliently brought out, and we are shown how (as in the Latin phrase) the 'beautiful woman ends in an ugly fish.' Voltaire and Frederick were as necessary to each other as acid to alkali: each supplemented the other; each had supernal qualities that ended in a caudal coarseness. In Dante, Grimm sees a spirit that would have rejoiced in Italian unity even as it saw all things in Heaven and Earth united in vision. Grimm accuses Macaulay of rashness and ignorance in his essay on Frederick the Great, and speaks contemptuously of the Englishman's one-sidedness: 'had he been a German he would have written very differently.' But is not the value of Macaulay's work precisely that he was *not* a German, and that he did *not* write differently? There is a delightfulness that cannot be defined in the personal *bouquet* of such a mind as Macaulay's, however rash and reckless that mind may be. Barrère, too, doubtless thought that had Macaulay been a Frenchman 'he would have written very differently'! These essays, however, are very stimulating, though the translation is only passably good.

#### Wallack's "Memories of Fifty Years"\*

THOSE who have read Lester Wallack's 'Memories of Fifty Years' as they ran through the pages of *Scribner's Magazine* will be delighted, if they are collectors of dramatic literature, to get the series as it now reappears, made up into a volume of rare beauty. If Mr. Wallack had gone to his grave without leaving these reminiscences behind him, his name after a while would have been, like those of most actors who are dead and gone, a shadowy memory. But in this book he has erected a monument to his own fame that will stand in duplicate in every library where a corner is set apart for memorials of the stage. Mr. Hutton has edited these 'Memories,' most of which were taken down, as he intimates in his introduction, in his own snug study in West Thirty-fourth Street. Mr. Wallack talked and Mr. Hutton wrote, and in this way was put together one of the most delightful of books relating to the drama.

Few actors have held a place in the hearts of a nation for so long a time as Lester Wallack. The circumstances that conspired to this end were exceptional. In the first place, the name of Wallack was already an honored one in the history of the stage when young Lester came upon the scene. His handsome face, dashing air, graceful manners and kind heart would soon have made a way for him, however, even if the path had not been open. From being at first an actor only, he became ere long a manager as well; and Wallack's Theatre was as much an 'institution' in New York as the Battery, or Trinity Church, or Central Park. It was a place that every New Yorker believed it to be his duty as well as knew it to be his pleasure to 'stand by,' and no sojourner from out of town would look upon his visit as a success if he had not passed an evening or two at 'Wallack's.' Not only Mr. Wallack himself, but his company, it seems as we look back over our play-bills, was more to us than the theatrical companies of to-day. Who will ever take the place in our hearts of Mary Gannon, Mrs. John Hoey, William Blake, or—to come down to later years—of Effie Germon, Madeline Hen-

\* *Essays on Literature*. By Herman Grimm. Tr. by Sarah H. Adams. Revised edition. \$2. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

\* *Memories of Fifty Years*. By Lester Wallack. With an introduction by Laurence Hutton. Limited edition. \$10. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

riques, John Gilbert, Harry Beckett or Harry Montague? The charm of Wallack's Theatre was left behind when the company went up-town from Broadway and Thirteenth Street; so we were broken in gradually to the disbandment of the company and the change of the theatre's name.

In this volume Mr. Wallack goes back over the years of his professional career and chats in his amiable way of the distinguished people he met on and off the stage, telling delightful anecdotes of his personal experiences. Additional interest is given to the book by the portraits of the author and his contemporaries, printed on full sheets of fine paper. Some of these have never been engraved before; a few of them—notably the sketches by J. E. Millias—might well have been left in oblivion. Among the 'old, familiar faces' thus summoned before us again are the elder Wallack, 'Tom' Taylor, Charles Kean, Macready, Burton, Chancery, Samuel Lover, Bulwer Lytton, Mathews, Couldock, Boucicault, 'Joe' Jefferson, Fisher, Gilbert, Charlotte Cushman, George Vandenhoff, 'Tom' Robertson, Mary Gannon, Mrs. Hoey, Mrs. Vernon and Laura Keane. But there are many besides these; and there are 'instantaneous' views of theatres, and fac-similes of old letters, 'historic' play-bills, etc., etc.—the flotsam and jetsam for which theatrical collectors spend money as if they had a 'Treasury surplus' at their backs, and time as if an eternity of 'collecting' were before them.

On the whole, the book is about as handsome as clear 'old-style' type, good ink, heavy paper and careful printing could make it, and the five hundred subscribers who possess copies of it are to be reckoned among the fortunate. We are indebted to Mr. Hutton for a well made index, and a carefully prepared list of the characters, some three hundred and over, to which Mr. Wallack lent the distinction of his art.

#### Hosmer's Young Sir Henry Vane \*

THE LITERARY CAREER of Prof. James K. Hosmer of Washington University, St. Louis, has been a somewhat irregular one, but it has been marked throughout by intelligence and sincerity of workmanship. The son of a well-known Unitarian divine, he enlisted in the army; wrote his experiences and reflections in a book cleverly entitled 'The Thinking Bayonet'; afterward became a university teacher; prepared a 'Short History of German Literature'; turned his attention to political history; added a life of Samuel Adams to the American Statesmen Series; and now has issued his *magnum opus*, as far as size is concerned—a six-hundred-page biography of Sir Harry Vane the Younger.

The 'Samuel Adams' was one of the best books in a good series—clear, accurate, based on original study, justly proportioned, and confined to the actual doings and legitimate influence of a man who was a great political force. The present biography, notwithstanding its imposing bulk and beautiful mechanical execution, suffers by comparison. Here, as before, Prof. Hosmer writes in a clear style, and with full knowledge of the facts, patiently gathered by original study. But the extent of the book is unnecessarily great, and it introduces considerations of various degrees of irrelevance. Had the author observed the necessary limitations of space which confined his life of Adams to 431 pages, and restricted his fondness for generalizations, the gain would have been great. It was one thing, in the former work, to add a discussion of the influence of the town-meeting; it is another to connect the spread of republicanism, and the possibilities of the English world, with the study of the career of a lesser man.

Young Sir Harry Vane was a combination of statesman and 'crank'; his service to Massachusetts was, after all, of no lasting importance, because his beneficial exertions were quite offset by the mischief he did; and in the history of the English Commonwealth, until his death, 'though always

prominent he was never an actual or powerful or enduring leader. A man like Adams possessed all Vane's ability and ten times his discretion. It is of course necessary to show us, in any biography, the times as related to the man, but this may be done concisely; while, on the other hand, it is always unwise to fall into the rhetorical error of 'proving too much,' by magnifying the hero's own share, and confusing the *post hoc* with the *propter hoc*. Pym would hardly deserve so voluminous a record; Blake's deeds have lately been well chronicled in two hundred small pages; and a masterly writer has just given us a valuable estimate of Cromwell's career in one-third the space here devoted to Vane. It is clear that Prof. Hosmer would have found half greater than the whole. The author, of course, recognizes his subject's faults, but in his anxiety to show Vane's *significance* he produces a general effect of disproportion.

Again, Part III. (1648-1653) is imposingly entitled 'American England.' Scarcely anything new or weighty is introduced in the 136 following pages to justify the pretentious plea of the title. Vane did return from Massachusetts to England, as did many others; but every essential event of the subsequent struggle between King and Commons would have occurred had Vane never lived. To dwell so strongly upon the colonial influence upon the mother country, in the liberal direction, is like ascribing the Restoration of Charles II. to the Virginia Assembly's resolutions of 1649, wherein, after the beheading of his father, that monarch was mentioned as 'his majesty that now is.' Great forces were at work in England and her New England colonies, in the Seventeenth Century; Pilgrims and Puritans were, or became, part of the Independent vanguard; Vane was an advanced and active Liberal; but that was all. After such special pleading one is not surprised to find the author arguing, elsewhere in the book, for a moral federation of English-speaking peoples—an estimable thing, but here out of place. Biographers, unless they are sure that they possess the strength of a Carlyle should not venture to put a 'stump speech into the belly of the bill.'

From these handsome pages, however, can be gathered much that is interesting and some things that are new. A sadly picturesque character is painted for us against the troublous and shifting background of awful times.

#### "Mark Rutherford" Redivivus \*

SINCE the day of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' man's spiritual life, his struggles and aspirations, have formed the more or less successful material for fiction. Of this kind of book 'Mark Rutherford's Autobiography and Deliverance,' which we noticed at its first appearance, some eight years ago, and which we have before us in a new edition, is one of the most extreme examples. Written in the purest English and clearest style and full of the profoundest feeling, it has an insight into and an appreciation of spiritual truth which show that if the author has, like Sinbad, been cast into the Valley of Diamonds and brought back of its sparkling wealth, it has been by a like terrible ordeal. The story is that of a man whose life was one long failure; a failure because those things which are said to make life a success—useful work, friendship, recognition, union with one's God, reciprocated love—were never realized by him. Mark Rutherford was educated a dissenting minister and began his work among narrow, ignorant people, where the 'cause' from a parish of hundreds had dwindled to about fifty. Here he settled amidst forebodings of heart and depression of spirits that were but too amply fulfilled. His four years of life in a dissenting 'college' had but ill-prepared him to satisfy a stiff-necked parish, who demanded in their preacher a dogged belief in Presbyterian doctrine, or to strengthen a mind rapidly breaking down under a strain of doubt and disbelief. During his stay at Water Lane he suffered every kind of mental and bodily misery, from nagging public criticism to

\* The Life of Young Sir Henry Vane, Governor of Massachusetts Bay, and Leader of the Long Parliament. With a Consideration of the English Commonwealth as a Forecast of America. By James K. Hosmer. 84. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

\* Mark Rutherford: an Autobiography. Ed. by Reuben Shapcott. New edition. 2s. 5s. New York: Scribner & Welford.



an attack of prostration and melancholia in which he approached the very borders of death.

He gave up that charge and took a small Unitarian parish. But he had not been there a twelve-month before he found himself as much out of sympathy with that belief as with Presbyterianism. Voluntarily dissociating himself from any outward form of worship, he nevertheless preserved an innate creed that was none the less consistent because it failed to accord with a given formula. His religious speculations had carried him far away from the fellowship of other minds, yet what he brooded over was not his loneliness, but his utter uselessness in the work of the world. A nature humble, gentle, absolutely unselfish, capable of trustful love, a mind that would not consent to deceive itself, he spent his life in combatting the hunger that these gifts engendered in him. His life was a long wandering in the desert but never from any height of exaltation did he get one glimpse of the land of which such gifts as these give promise.

It is evident that a protest has been made against the use of such material for a story. For in a preface to a former edition, the assumed friend and editor, Reuben Shapcott, replied to his critics by saying that he in no way held up his friend as a hero, but rather considered him the example of mischievous intellectual speculation. And in the new preface, he has gone so far as to quite disparage religious investigation, and to commend as admirable that spirit which says if happiness is in a certain height, and you are taller than your neighbors, why down upon your knees, and search for earth-worms with the rest. If these be, indeed, the editor's or author's views, what a mass of morbidity has he voluntarily put his hand to forming! In addition to the Rutherford papers, the book contains 'Notes on the Book of Job,' a chapter on 'Principles,' and a short story, 'A Mysterious Portrait,' the latter being new.

#### "Florida of To-Day" \*

How THE 'Florida of To-Day' differs from the Florida of yesterday or the Florida of to-morrow is Mr. Davidson's task to show in this optimistic volume. We, who know the Florida of yesterday better than the startling creation of to-day, much prefer the provincial, unknown phase to the present cosmopolitan one. As long as Florida lay half buried in legend, in picturesque uncertainty, in boundless everglades and Spanish exaggerations, it seemed a land of romance and poesy about which the story of Ponce de Leon clung like a passion-flower, twining it all over with festoons of fancy. Now that the State lies in the broad daylight, is known to be as large as the six New England commonwealths, has 1200 lakes, so-and-so many rivers, and has become the booty of orange-farmers and architects, its interest as a legendary corner of the unpoetic United States has vanished, and we face what the newspapers call the 'bottom facts.'

On the whole, these facts are agreeable enough—lovely climate, rich light soil, bounteous fruit, a network of meandering streams and lakes that vary a monotonous landscape, and a multitude of hostleries that are half-fledged sanatoriums at the same time. Mr. Davidson's pen explores the peninsula from end to end, historically, geographically, geologically, and every other way, labelling all its 'facts' with a diligence worthy of an apothecary who has all his drugs safely put up in jars. There is science enough in the health tables to satisfy the physician; the maps and illustrations enable the expectant tourist to work out his orientation with fear and trembling; and there is enough about sport (including insect pests) to satisfy the most insatiate. A section on 'education' (infinitely smaller than that on oranges) shows that the State is not absolutely benighted, and one on 'travel' points out the feasibilities of Floridian transit. Mr. Davidson has an honest if irritating way of using 'said to be,' 'they say,' 'it is claimed,' and other euphemisms which seem

to cover a lack of personal knowledge or individual responsibility in his statements. Now a guide-book is nothing if not dogmatic, and its assertions should be free from doubt and be based on substantive experience. For aught we know, Mr. Davidson may know his Florida as he does his alphabet: we only point to a fault which injures his book. Perhaps he has been frightened into over-modesty by the loud-mouthed advertisers of Paperdom and the Earthly Paradise rediscovered in our day!

#### New Lives of O'Connell and Prince Metternich \*

TWO MORE volumes of the International Statesmen Series have appeared. In commenting upon the earlier numbers—the lives of Beaconsfield and Palmerston—we suggested that, to those who had neither the time nor the opportunity to become familiar with fuller biographies, these would no doubt be of use and profit. The same remark will apply to the lives of Prince Metternich and Daniel O'Connell which have just been published. Mr. Hamilton's volume, however—the Life of O'Connell (1),—seems to us the better of the two. The life and character of the great Liberator are depicted with sufficient distinctness, and the aims of his political activity are set forth attractively and with candor. Indeed, the little volume will be of real assistance and benefit to those who desire to learn much in a few pages. Mr. Hamilton has performed his task well, and although his limits were set him by the necessities of the Series, his book vies in interest with the full memoirs just edited and published by W. J. Fitzpatrick. Of the Life of Prince Metternich (2) there will be two opinions, but a complete conversion to the truth or the falsity of authorities is frequently the ruin of impartiality, and we think that the author has committed an error in his entire rejection of Metternich's own rendering of the famous Dresden interview. In other instances also there is to be detected a too great distrust of Metternich. No doubt the prince was the terror of his times and an accomplished master of deceit, but the critic is of the opinion that his memoirs, in what relate to Napoleon, are deserving of fully as much credence, and indeed of much more credence, than the work of Prince Napoleon, 'Napoleon and his Detractors,' from which the extract containing the account of the interview is taken. But although we are disinclined to trust the author's judgment in this respect, the volume in question has the advantage of presenting to the reader a brief and succinct statement of the events in which Metternich bore so great a part, and gives a fairly good idea of the Prince's personality.

#### A Norwegian Drama †

IT WOULD BE difficult adequately to discuss any drama 300 pages long, but it becomes peculiarly difficult when that drama is a translation alternating verse with prose. If Björnson had seen fit to throw his remarkable trilogy into the form of an historical romance of the Twelfth Century, one might have grasped its purpose more easily, revelled in its details, compared it with this or that phenomenal performance, and found patience to wade through its interrupted but endless dialogues. As it is, a strong, noble conception, fine dramatic situations, and an abundance of poetic incident are all but lost in voluminous word-draperies, soliloquies and conversations without end, enormously lengthened scenes that have no Land's End, so to speak, and an affluence of speech that reminds one of the Talmud. That Björnson is capable of condensation is more than shown by his exquisite prose 'Eventyr,' idylls in form and perfection, more than poems in true pathos and sweetness; and we cling to them, despite the championship of the present translator for 'Sigurd Slembe,' as the most perfect representations of the Norwegian's genius.

\* 1. Life of Daniel O'Connell. By J. A. Hamilton. 2. Life of Prince Metternich. By G. B. Malleon. 75 cts. each. (International Statesmen Series.) Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

† Sigurd Slembe: a Dramatic Trilogy. By Björnsterne Björnson. Tr. from the Norwegian by W. M. Payne. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

\* Florida of To-Day: a Guide for Tourists and Settlers. By J. W. Davidson. \$1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

'Sigurd Slembe' is a powerful reproduction of Twelfth Century life, love, crusading, vivid psychology: it is picturesque: it is poetic: but it is treading perilous ground indeed to liken (with Mr. Payne) one of its characters to Hamlet, and certain scenes to scenes in 'Faust.' Scenes of power and beauty, such as Sigurd's outburst on learning that he is a king's bastard or his impassioned parting with Andhild for the crusades, or Earl Harold's self-sacrifice, or the king's death, are not wanting in these 300 pages; but these glitter like sand-granules on a coast washed by an ocean of words: they loom like cliffs here and there through the story, and enable us to spring from one catastrophe to another: they are not its essential warp and woof. In this tragedy Björnson, like Ewald and Oehlenschläger in Denmark and the Swede Tegnér, in his treatment of 'Frithjof,' has gone back to the treasure of sagas whose fascinating wrecks are ever afloat in Norse imaginations. Slembe is a pretender to the throne of Magnus Barefoot, a Prince Charlie infinitely pathetic in his failure and defeat. He never succeeds, he is ever thwarted, though his indomitable will breaks with Promethean tenacity against the bars of circumstance. So nearly succeeding, running but the thousandth of an inch 'to leeward,' he yet misses his ambition, but just in time to receive a parting halo of reconciliation on his uncrowned head, better far than the crown he had sought. In the end he sees that failure was inevitable. All this is wrought out very finely, and Mr. Payne translates it simply and well: but we often have the sensation that Björnson is sailing on Icarian wings, is sweeping too near the sun—the wax is about to melt, the tragic *affatus* is not buoyant or victorious enough: we go back with comfort to our perfect little idylls.

#### Some Recent Mathematical Works\*

IN MANY of the American college text-books upon mathematics which have appeared in recent years, there is observable a tendency to greater and greater fulness of detail and explanation. In some respects this tendency has resulted in an improvement of the books, but it is certainly not without serious drawbacks. Of these the most important, to our mind, is the fact that it supplants the teacher in his natural function of explaining and illustrating, in his own way, at the right time, and in accordance with the needs of his class, the difficulties and the various aspects of the subject. It is impossible to do this effectively if the teacher's exposition is deprived of all freshness and interest through being forestalled by the text-book; and to give an exposition widely different from that in the text-book would give rise to confusion, or at the least to unnecessary labor on the part of the student. A second objection, of more weight than might at first sight be supposed, lies in the voluminousness itself, which makes the subject appear to be more formidable than it is, and especially makes a rapid review of it almost impossible.

Prof. Runkle's 'Plane Analytic Geometry' (1) has many good points, but it is emphatically open to the foregoing objection. The subjects covered in its 342 pages might with far more advantage have been treated in half that number. The book has typographically a very attractive appearance—a point of especial importance in a mathematical text-book—but there is no indication of any sort as to the relative importance of different portions. Nor can this defect be thoroughly remedied by the omission of unimportant parts. A book which indoctrinates a student into a subject making so great a departure from those preceding it in his course of study as does the subject of analytic geometry, should from first to last be dominated by a true 'perspective.' The concatenation of the successive portions should be such that the guiding ideas of the science shall become more and more firmly impressed upon the student's mind. The special devices which are employed to solve a great variety of problems in the way most appropriate to each are so numerous that instead of assisting, they hinder the student from grasping the comparatively few leading ideas and methods. There is, indeed, one way in which examples of the most miscellaneous

character are highly beneficial; namely, in the working of exercises by the student himself. Prof. Runkle's work is supplied with copious and well-chosen exercises; if he had relegated a large proportion of the theorems in the text to the same category, it would have been an improvement. We think, too, that it would have been better either to omit the subject of trilinear coordinates altogether, or to give it a fuller discussion in a separate chapter; this would have simplified the last chapter (on systems of conics), much of which is tedious and uninteresting on account of the treatment being by non-homogeneous coordinates. It should be added that the teacher who wishes to have by his side a book which will supply him with an abundance of illustrations and exercises, and in many cases with happy modes of treatment, will find Prof. Runkle's book useful for reference. Some of the proofs are, on the other hand, unaccountably awkward—e.g., that in art. 15. The proof at the end of page 101 is not quite satisfactory.

Prof. Newcomb's work upon the Differential and Integral Calculus (2) certainly does not err in the direction of the insertion of unimportant matter. Almost everything that it contains is distinctly necessary for the student who wishes to acquire a real knowledge of the elements of the differential and integral calculus. On the other hand, it contains, as the preface states, all 'that an undergraduate student, either in Arts or Science, can be expected to master during his regular course.' In many of our smaller colleges, some parts of the book will doubtless be omitted; in the regular course of the best colleges, its scope will be found to be just what is wanted. The treatment is everywhere clear and the arrangement good; the appearance of the page is not as attractive as might be desired. The explanations are upon the plan of which we have above expressed a qualified disapproval; namely, upon that plan which leaves little scope for the teacher's own methods of exposition; but inasmuch as the calculus is a subject of which many teachers in our smaller colleges have far from a perfect mastery, this quality may for most purposes be accounted a merit rather than a defect. The introductory chapter, which is intended simply to familiarize the student with the nature and the notation of functions, will be found useful by many; it is, we believe, an unusual feature in text-books on the calculus. Chapters II. and III., 'Of Limits and Infinitesimals,' and 'Of Differentials and Derivatives,' deal with the fundamental ideas which lie at the basis of the differential calculus, and which are the source of so much difficulty to the conscientious student. We are constrained to say that Prof. Newcomb's treatment of these delicate subjects seems to us open at more than one point to objection. His definition of a limit is: 'The limit of a variable quantity  $X$  is a quantity  $L$  which we conceive  $X$  to approach in such a way that the difference  $L - X$  becomes less than any quantity we can name, but which we do not conceive  $X$  to reach.' There is something metaphysical as well as unclear in this definition; the limit of  $X$  is a quantity which, in the mathematical process under consideration, is approached by  $X$  in such a way that from and after a certain stage in the process the difference  $L - X$  is less than any quantity we can name in advance. There is a like want of rigorous logical distinctness in this definition: 'The differential of a quantity is its infinitesimal increment; that is, its increment considered in the act of approaching zero as its limit, or of becoming smaller than any quantity we can name.' But apart from a few points of this kind, the book is throughout eminently clear. The very judicious choice of matter will render the work especially useful; and the well-chosen illustrations, few in number, but effectively exhibiting the utility of the processes, enhance the interest of the study without swelling the book beyond a very moderate size.

Wentworth's Geometry (3) has met with such general favor that it has been necessary to print very large editions every year since its first issue nine years ago. The author has taken the occasion of the necessity for new plates to bring out a revised edition, which differs from the old one chiefly by the addition of a large number of exercises. In spite of a number of defects, the book, upon the whole, deserves the success it has attained. A man who is capable of occasional sad lapses from a sound logic may yet have the skill to construct a book which from the practical point of view has many advantages. The devoting of a fresh page to each fresh proposition, putting the figure symmetrically upon the page, setting forth each successive reason in a separate line (with the major premise which supports it in parentheses), look like points of minor importance; but anyone who can realize the terrible difficulty which most people, old as well as young, find in following a chain of reasoning, will admit that any mechanical device which facilitates the grasping of the whole argument in as clear and compact a form as possible is very far from unimportant. And these things require to be done with a delicate discrimination. A separate line is just the right degree of intimation of a separate step in the argument; but to number the successive steps, as is done in Newcomb's Geometry,

\* 1. Elements of Plane Analytic Geometry. By John D. Runkle. pp. x., 344. Boston: Ginn & Co. 2. Elements of the Differential and Integral Calculus. By Simon Newcomb. pp. ix., 307. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 3. A Text-Book of Geometry. By G. A. Wentworth. pp. xi., 386. Boston: Ginn & Co. 4. A College Algebra. By G. A. Wentworth. pp. vi., 494. Boston: Ginn & Co. 5. College Algebra. By E. A. Bowser. pp. xviii., 540. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 6. Academic Algebra. By E. A. Bowser. pp. xiv., 352. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 7. Numbers Symbolized: An Elementary Algebra. By D. M. Sarsenig. pp. xi., 315. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8. Descriptive Geometry. By Linus Faunce. pp. 54, 16 plates. Boston: Ginn & Co.



is to introduce a needless distraction, and to give a wrong impression of their degree of separateness. Mr. Wentworth shows in this, as in his other text-books, a great deal of the practical good judgment of the experienced teacher. But Mr. Wentworth, we are sorry to say, is not much of a logician. Several disfigurements of the former edition have been removed from this,—for instance, that in which he supposed (p. 350) it was necessary to show that any *two* points are as far away as another in order to show that all are, and that in which he supposed (p. 7) that because a line could not be got in one particular way it could not be got at all. The latter is probably the worst piece of reasoning that has ever been seriously printed. But new blemishes have been introduced. The statement in italics on p. 15 about propositions involves an error which no school-boy ought to have been guilty of. The truth is that the converse proposition and the opposite proposition (obverse is now the regularly accepted name of the latter) are, as *statements of fact*, one and the same proposition, and the truth of neither of them has anything to do with the truth of the direct proposition. The contraposited proposition, which in its turn is the same thing as the direct proposition, ought also to be named, and used. Probably no one who reads this article, unless it is Mr. Wentworth himself, will fail to see that 'all Negroes are black' and 'whoever is not black is not a Negro' are equivalent statements, and that 'all blacks are Negroes' and 'whoever is not a Negro is not black' are also statements which are equivalent to each other, but totally different from the former two. The next worst error which we have noticed in this book occurs three pages farther on. Two propositions are here proved which are merely restatements of the definitions of supplementary angles and of the sum of two angles. Mr. Wentworth need not have gone farther than the Appendix to Newcomb's Geometry to see this matter plainly set forth.

Wentworth's 'College Algebra' (4), by giving only a brief review of the contents of the author's more elementary text-books, has space for more matter than is usually contained in a college algebra of the same size. The subjects of determinants, the theory of equations, derivatives, numerical equations and complex quantities are particularly well treated, and a good vantage-ground will be gained by the student who has mastered this book for reading Burnside and Panton (there is a misprint of Parton for Panton on p. 494), and Salmon, and any book on the Calculus. As far as one can tell without having tested the book in the class-room, it seems admirably adapted to fulfil its purpose. Bowser's 'College Algebra' (5) contains more pages and a much smaller amount of matter, and the publishers have given it a much less attractive appearance. Bowser's 'Academic Algebra' (6) does not differ in any marked particular from any other algebra of its grade, nor has Sensenig's 'Elementary Algebra' (7) any claim upon our attention. Not even its fanciful additional title, 'Numbers Symbolized,' is a sufficient excuse for its existence. In the way of a kindly leading of the beginner upon his thorny path, nothing better than Wentworth has yet been offered on this subject.

M. Faunce's little book on Descriptive Geometry (8), whose fifty pages of text are accompanied by sixteen plates containing ninety-one figures, is evidently intended to be simply a practical guide for the solution of the elementary problems of the subject, and as such will probably be found useful. The style is frequently bad, and betrays at many points a lack of the habit of scientific exactness of expression.

#### Recent Fiction

WHO WOULD NOT welcome a breath of the youth that gave courage in the delicious days of Latin Quarter life? We speak of those whose lives happily include such a time—a time when the birds sang forth the imprisoned song in their own hearts,—when all nature laughed with overflowing gayety, and the very air was full of gladness,—when the world was a puff-ball of conventionalities whose hollowness they with paint-brush point could puncture, showing up its stifling hypocrisies choking to their purer ideals. But to those stolid souls who are given over to Philistinism, to those more grievous ones who have succumbed under the wounds of want yet remember the glowing Rhine-gold of their youth, and to that yet greater number to whose lives the Latin Quarter has ever been a myth, or at best a reality of incipient iniquities, what can we say? What would one not give in one's heart of hearts to him who could awaken or call into being a belief (if not a part) in the life of the heart's Bohemia? Shall not that renown and those rewards be his which are accorded to him who, finding Rome of sombre brick, left it smiling in marble? or to those whom, in our more prosaic age, we honor because two blades of grass are made to grow where aforesaid but one had been? This it seems to us is the achievement of 'Sidney Luska' in 'A Latin Quarter Courtship.' It is a breathing, vital sketch. By the delight-

ful, tripping, careless nothings that belong to the talk of living youth, by a *bonhomme* that lets us share his enthusiasm, making us almost partakers of his inspiration, by a delicacy of touch that fairly eludes description, by the ideality of his realism—in fact, by that ineffable quality the French know as 'temperament,' Mr. Harry Harland has in this story given us what we shall not soon forget. (50 cts. Cassell & Co.)

IF THE REVIEWER should tell what he considered 'The Truth about Clement Ker,' it would be a confession of nameless dissatisfaction. The drift of the story is too gloomy. The characters are well indicated but are decidedly limited in their scope. 'George Fleming' has a touch, a style, a technique that is admirable and always interesting, but in her present story, in spite of the delightful quality of the narrative, there is an excess of morbid weakness. Highly artistic, however, is the first chapter of the book, where the old Scotch tenant has walked many miles in the rain to beg the laird, Sir Clement, to release him from a debt, and Sir Clement, with his biting irony, checks the demonstrations of sympathy of his wife and cousins, and takes the old man's pitiful savings. The exact truth about Sir Clement Ker, about his proclivities and his death, was known only to his wife and immediate household. It was an ugly truth, for he was an evil-working man. What between the depressing atmosphere of a ghost-haunted old Scotch house, the pressure of her husband's evil moral nature upon her own irritable temperament, a sort of mesmeric hold he had upon her, and his positive outrages, Eleanor Ker might well have wished herself rid of the whole bondage—as indeed she did; and it was severed by Sir Clement's mysterious death. (75 cts. Roberts Bros.)

BRET HARTE in Cressy has given us a story altogether charming—a story that will advance not a little the opinion among his English admirers, that he is the very pontiff of American literature. It is the tale of one of those half-savage Western communities which by the magic of his pen he has laid so often, in their clear outlines of cruelty and tenderness, at the feet of the reading half of Vanity Fair. First of all, there is Cressy, that delicious creature of instinct and impulse, of fidelity and coquetry, of impudent *sang-froid* and tender insight, of native spirituality and nobility of character united to the rudest conception of life. There is Cressy's father, the real creation of the book—a man of crude, outdoor force, who has his sentiments and rosy dreams of life, albeit they are somewhat discolored by the tobacco-juice through which they reach the outer world. There is Cressy's 'Maw,' a woman of strong negative character; there are Cressy's lovers, with their swaggering conceit; and finally there is the schoolmaster of Indian Spring School, with his budding mustache and his self-deception, his little stock of learning, his gentlemanly instincts, and the packet of love-letters in his desk. Human suffering is not greater in Indian Spring, Tuolumne County, than in other parts of the world, but when Cressy sees the contents of those letters and goes off and marries a boor, it wrings one's heart more, on account of the very geographical position of Indian Spring; for one knows that the occupations and resources of its life are meagre in comparison with those which civilization offers to mis-mated heroines. The story ends as it began, with the announcement at the morning opening of Indian Spring School of the last bit of village gossip: as at first, it relates to Cressy. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'A SHOCKING EXAMPLE, and Other Sketches' is the name of a volume that contains a dozen or so short stories by Frances Courtney Baylor. Miss Baylor has the gift of throwing over situations that might otherwise seem dull, the glamour of her own bright personality. By the light of such accentuating rays, she finds humor and pathos in scenes of everyday life that otherwise have scarce a salient point. Who that read the little sketch, 'Craddock's Held-fast,' which appeared some months ago in *Harper's Monthly*, has forgotten the wisdom, the self-effacement, the courage and resolution of that motherly little 'Lisbeth' of eight years? The humor of 'A Shocking Example,' the religious endeavors of an amiable, ignorant, industrious New Englander in the early days of Californian occupation, will appeal to anyone who has watched the approach to religious fervor in a Methodist camp-meeting through the most extraordinary incongruities of deportment. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—THE COLLECTION of stories which Walter Herries Pollock calls 'A Nine Men's Morrice' is, if our memory serves us rightly in regard to the mild and unexciting nature of that game, most aptly christened. Some geometric figures on a slate and a few pieces of coin could not drive the opponents to a duel, nor could the imaginary history of London men and women moving dispassionately about on the prescribed plane of their existence throw the reader into hysterics. On the whole, perhaps, the very

genus of the book lies in the subtle appositeness of its title. An exception may be the little six-page sketch, 'Dreams'; yet this is so slight an exception that it can hardly be said to count. (\$1.25. Longmans, Green & Co.)

MR. GRANT ALLEN has a very delightful style, and no one will gainsay the fact that whatever he touches with his pen has an unmistakable charm. We have had occasion to remark the extraordinary conceptions of humanity embodied in his stories. His latest novel, 'This Mortal Coil,' seems more extraordinary than any. As the title suggests, one of the characters shuffled off this coil, at least to the successful deception of one of the other characters, and then resumed it in time to abet a just and searching retribution. No grand psycho-physical avatar takes place: Mr. Grant Allen is a mere human opportunist. A man and a woman are swirling about in the water, and the man on recovering consciousness finds himself alone on the muddy bank, and naturally supposes his companion dead. But she wasn't, and he meets her after he has done a lot of things he would not have done had he known she was alive. Even a head full of fancies, full of 'quaint, curious and out-of-the-way' knowledge, and a mind overflowing with thoughts and the world's deepest learning, a genial temperament and a seductive style cannot, however, make us agree with Mr. Allen's remarkable postulates of human nature. (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)

THE PLOT of 'The Weaker Vessel,' by Christie Murray, is far from new. It is, indeed, one of the oldest in the history of the novel: that of a man—a gentleman—who has, from a sense of honor, secretly married a virago, and leaves her under a separate maintenance, only to be hounded by her disgraceful presence at every turn of his life, chiefly after he has fallen in love with a woman in every way his mate. This plot seems a favorite alike with writer and reader, perhaps because it is so true a phase of human nature, perhaps because it brings out the stuff a man is made of. Immortal old Warrington comes to mind, with his force unspent and his thoughts unwritten because he feared the fame his wife would insist on sharing with him. It is not the plot, however, that makes this novel of Murray's interesting: it is the accessories, the style, the handling, the truth of the author's outlook on life, the strength of character of his hero, Walter Pole, and the masterly progress of the narrative. There is something strained, unhuman, however, in the picture of the girl who loved the hero nursing with tenderest solicitude the violent woman who had taken fiendish means to ruin his life. Even humanity has the right of discretionary sympathy. But it would be a contradiction in terms to say that undue strength weakened an otherwise strong story. (50 cts. Harper & Bros.)

'MADEMOISELLE SOLANGE,' by François de Juillot, is a charming romance that very justly has been crowned by the Académie. It contains quaint and vivid descriptions of the life and scenery at Aveyron. The different types of French character as shown in the family at Rochefort indicate great insight into human nature. The peculiarities of the older generation are touched with a humorous but withal reverent hand, so that we delight in them wholly. The book is above all a lesson in patriotism of the most exalted kind—the patriotism that consists not only in fighting but in silently and bravely enduring for the sake of one's country. It is one of the best examples of the motto *Noblesse oblige*. The study of the provincials is very clever, setting forth most effectively their absolute complacency and their horror of the Parisian life which they do not understand. When Solange arrives from Paris, with her manifold little requirements and her attacks of neuralgia, they think the world is coming to an end. But her beauty of character and intense patriotism combined enable her to outgrow her affectations and make her a strong, lovable woman. This work contains a great deal about the happy family life of the French and their finest characteristics—material not often used in the French novel. (60 cts. Wm. R. Jenkins.)

'THE PECKSTER PROFESSORSHIP,' by J. P. Quincy, is a cleverly written record of psychical research, but a poor novel. The characterizations are too meagre, particularly for a work of this kind, in which individuality counts for so much. What an added influence could have been given to the ideas, had they been expressed by persons whose humanity brought their occult studies nearer to us. There is very little plot. The Professor of Osteology believes he has a vocation in the study of the mystic sciences, and determines to sacrifice everything, even the Peckster Professorship, to his new mission in life. He persuades a fashionable, wealthy young widow to marry him and to help him. Through his influence she develops into what the spiritualists would call a 'medium,'

and is able to see the spirits of both the dead and the living. Space and time are annihilated, and she is able while in New England to hold communication with her husband when he is in Brazil; she is able, also, to see a hundred years into the future. There is one chapter in the book that is very exciting, where the Professor proposes to show by the evidence of actual weight that the spirit leaves the body at the time of death. He intends to do this by placing the bed on which the dying man lies on an exquisitely poised balance, and to demonstrate that at the moment of death there will be an appreciable difference in the weight of the body. A physician of strong materialistic views and the rector of an Episcopal church are present as witnesses, when the physician discovers that the patient has not been properly treated and proceeds to bring him back to life. In this way this very interesting experiment comes to naught. The theory that in some directions our powers have not been developed to their fullest extent is exemplified every year, although few give credence to it as applied to the realm of the intangible. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'UNDER THE MAGNOLIAS' is an enlarged tract. The author says he had a conviction of the need of Suffrage Reform and so wrote this 'true story.' In order to make his book readable, as he thought, Dr. Denton devoted a part of his work to such frivolous matters as a very uninteresting love-affair and the impressions of a commonplace Northern family travelling in the South. The first chapter contains the decision of the family to go South; then come discussions and soliloquies about slavery; then a description of the heroine of the love-story; then more political discussions,—and so on to the end. There is no connection at all between the travelling family and the love-story and very little excuse for the prosy digressions. The style is crude and the views hackneyed; in fact, it is surprising that such a book should be published. (\$1.50. Funk & Wagnalls.)—'WOULD YOU HAVE LEFT HER?' by W. F. Kip, is a very commonplace novel. The characters have but little individuality and are not consistent in their actions with what little individuality they have. The situations are in many instances forced, and their author is clearly unequal to them. He does not deign to give us reasons for many of the most important actions of his puppets. In fact, a more unsatisfactory and ill-written book could hardly be imagined. The question it propounds is readily answered. Had we had our way, we 'would have left,' not only 'her,' but every one of them—alone! (\$1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

'GLEN HOLLY,' by Lucy C. Lillie, is another of this clever writer's delightful stories for boys and girls. It is not quite as interesting as 'The Colonel's Money,' but it has a special charm for boys because of its descriptions of school life and of a race. The little cripple Felix is a pathetic little figure, with his great love for music and the impossibility of ever becoming a musician himself. The description of the *crèche* may suggest the introduction of this charity in many towns where it is much needed. But above all the evidences of the happy home-life and of the spirit of helpfulness in the household of Glen Holly make the book both pleasant and wholesome reading. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)—'THE MYSTERY OF THE OCEAN STAR' is a collection of maritime sketches by Clark Russell. They are well written and give a clear idea of the life of sailors and officers on shipboard. We are too apt to form our ideas of the sea from our own experiences on passenger vessels. It is well that we have such a good writer as Clark Russell to show us the sea from the deck of a merchantman. (50 cts. D. Appleton Co.)

'CRYSTAL, JACK & CO.' is a story of a family of children who are left with a small homestead and no income. They form a firm for the collection and sale of wild-flowers. Jack, who does the selling, at first has a very hard time, but with the help of a crippled news-boy and a professor of botany he manages to start a fine business. Girls and boys are always interested in the ways in which other girls and boys have made money. It is quite probable that many young people will, after reading this book, set up flower-stands in different cities. If they do, we hope they will meet with the success of Crystal, Jack & Co. 'Delta Bixby,' also by Kirk Munroe, is an exciting tale of shipwreck, capture by Indians, and other hardships. The two stories are bound up together. (\$1. Harper & Bros.)—'SAILORS OF BABYLON,' by B. L. Farjeon, is a novel of no particular merit. There is one pretty scene, that of the caravan, but otherwise both plot and characters are commonplace. (40 cts. Harper & Bros.)—'A VILLAGE TRAGEDY,' by M. L. Woods, is a sorrowful account of the lives of a village boy and girl. Misfortunes attend them at every step until they die. It is a story that almost makes one a fatalist. (\$1. Henry Holt & Co.)



### The Bookworm does not Care for Nature

I FEEL no need of nature's flowers—  
Of flowers of rhetoric I have store;  
I do not miss the balmy showers—  
When books are dry I o'er them pore.

Why should I sit upon a stile  
And cause my aged bones to ache,  
When I can all the hours beguile  
With any style that I would take?

Why should I haunt a purling stream,  
Or fish in miasmatic brook?  
O'er Euclid's angles I can dream,  
And recreation find in Hook.

Why should I jolt upon a horse  
And after wretched vermin roam,  
When I can choose an easier course  
With Fox and Hare and Hunt at home?

What if some vicious bull were loose,  
Or fractious cow pursue my path?  
A tamer Bulwer I would choose,  
A Cowper destitute of wrath.

Why should I watch the swallows flit,  
And run the risk of butting ram?  
A Swift upon my shelves Hazlitt,  
I need not run from waggish Lamb.

Why should I scratch my precious skin  
By crawling through a hawthorn hedge,  
When Hawthorne, raking up my sin,  
Stands tempting on the nearest ledge?

No need that I should take the trouble  
To go abroad to walk or ride,  
For I can sit at home and double  
Quite up with pain from Akenside.

IRVING BROWNE.

### Washington's Church: 1789-1889.

ON THE MORNING of April 30, A.D. 1789, the church-bells throughout the land summoned the people to prayer in view of the induction into office of the Father of his Country as President of the United States. The simple ceremonies attending this noteworthy event took place at the City Hall, New York, which then occupied the site on Wall Street where the Treasury now stands. This building, a stately structure of composite architecture, was fitted up for the occasion with suitable adornments; and from the gallery looking out on Wall Street, the oath of office was administered to the President in the presence of a vast concourse of people. Proceeding to the Senate Chamber, Washington delivered to both Houses of Congress his Inaugural Address, a document abounding in evidences of a deep religious feeling, such as might be expected from the Christian and Churchman the Father of his Country was. At the close of the public exercises of the inauguration, the President, attended by the members of both Houses of Congress and the whole assemblage of spectators, proceeded on foot to St. Paul's Chapel, in Broadway, where the *Te Deum* was sung, and the Church's prayers were said by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Samuel Provoost, the first Bishop of New York, and one of the Chaplains of Congress. Thus piously, and in humble recognition of an over-ruling Providence, was inaugurated our first President and the century of the Republic's executive just completed.

In this St. Paul's Chapel—Trinity, the mother church, still being in ruins—Washington regularly attended the services of the Church. In his Diary from 1789 to 1791, we find with almost unvarying regularity, the weekly record: 'Went to St. Paul's Chapel in the forenoon.' In the north aisle, adjoining the North Wall of the Church, was a large, square pew called 'the President's pew.' Over it was a

canopy, supported by slender shafts. Against the wall, in a handsome frame, hung the emblazoned arms of the United States—the spread eagle with the shield bearing the Stars and Stripes. Opposite was 'the Governor's pew,' with its canopy and its blazon of the Arms of the State of New York. On Sundays the President and Lady Washington, as she was universally styled, were wont to drive in their coach and four up Fair Street to Church; and entering by the north door, to take their places in their canopied pew; while the dignified and elegant Provoost, celebrated for his patriotism no less than his scholarship, conducted the services from the reading-desk and chancel; and then, from the high pulpit with its old-time sounding-board above, delivered the chaste and classic sermons for which he was celebrated. The venerable Major Popham—himself a hero of the Revolution—who sat in the north aisle near the President's pew, has left on record his testimony that from time to time the President and Lady Washington remained to the Sacrament, and 'that he believed without a doubt that they both received the Holy Communion.' When Trinity was re-opened, the President and his household attended divine service there, and McGuire, in his 'Religious Opinions and Character of Washington' (page 414), cites the direct and conclusive testimony of 'a lady of undoubted veracity' then living, 'that soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, she saw him partake of the consecrated symbols of the Body and Blood of Christ in Trinity Church in the city of New York.' Prior to the War, and during its continuance when opportunity offered, the fact of his reverent communicating at the altars of his Church is established beyond peradventure.

It is the fashion of many to attribute the source, as well as the success, of the struggle for independence solely to the Puritans of New England and the Presbyterians of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania; and to charge the clergy and members of the Church of England in America with indifference or even antagonism to the measures taken to secure our national freedom, in their blind subservience to the King and Church of the motherland. It might be urged in opposition to this one-sided view, that the first prayer in Congress fell from the lips of Duché, a clergyman of the Church in Philadelphia; and that among the spoken and published sermons, addresses and orations of the patriot pulpit, the words of the Church clergy were as earnest, as ready, as patriotic as any. It might also be urged that the Church of which Washington was a life-long member could not be disloyal to country and freedom. But this is not all. It has been reserved for the more careful students of late, to ascertain that the longing for independence was as strong in the breasts of Virginians as in those of the people of Massachusetts Bay; and without denying to Puritan and Presbyterian the fullest praise for their noble efforts and sacrifices in the cause of American Independence, we may endorse the weighty words of Bishop Meade, that 'the vestries [in Virginia], who were the intelligence and moral strength of the land, had been slowly fighting the battles of the Revolution for a hundred and fifty years.' It is not too much to assert that the source and spring of the great popular uprising which secured for us our independence may be traced to the church controversies in Virginia quite as much as to the town-meetings of New England.

It is the testimony of Dr. Joseph Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill, that 'the gentlemen of the established Church of England are men of the most just and liberal sentiments, and are high in the esteem of the most sensible and resolute defenders of the rights of the people of this continent.' While in many instances the clergy—often natives of Great Britain, and in nearly all cases, outside of Maryland and Virginia, stipendiaries of the English Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—adhered to the Crown, quite as many, if not more, sympathized with the popular cause. At the North, Bass, afterwards first Bishop of the Church in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, was dismissed

from the service of the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for his ready compliance with the requirements of the insurrectionary Assembly of the Massachusetts Bay. Parker of Trinity, Boston, who succeeded to the Episcopate of Massachusetts, was among the first to adapt the Prayer-Book service to the new order of things. Bishop Provoost was a leader on the popular side; Croes, first Bishop of New Jersey, was a non-commissioned officer throughout the greater part of the War; William White, first Bishop of Pennsylvania, was a Chaplain of Congress in the darkest days of the American cause, and from first to last openly espoused the side of the people against the King; Madison, first Bishop of Virginia, and Griffith, Washington's personal friend as well as rector and the first Bishop-elect of that State (he died before consecration), with numbers of their brethren, were leaders on the American side. Thurstons gathered the patriots of Frederick County within the walls of his Church for counsel, and presided over their deliberations and encouraged them to appeal to arms. Muhlenberg of Shenandoah raised a troop among his own parishioners, exchanging, after a fervid discourse, the surplice for the soldier's uniform, and finally attaining the rank of Brigadier-General in the Army of the Revolution. Robert Smith, first Bishop of South Carolina, served as a soldier in the American ranks; and fifteen out of the twenty South Carolina clergy adhered to the American side. In Virginia, in Maryland, in Pennsylvania, the proportion, if not as large, fell but little short of that at the extreme South. Everywhere the clergy of the Church of Washington led their people, both in the preliminary discussions and to the very field of conflict, in the great struggle for liberty.

Thus it was that the laity of the Church were foremost in their resistance, even unto blood, to the measures of the British Ministry. The names of Benjamin Franklin, Laurens, the Pinckneys, Marshall, the Randolphs, Alexander Hamilton, Patrick Henry, John Jay, Robert Morris, Francis Hopkinson, Lord Sterling, William Samuel Johnson, and others of equal or less note, all Churchmen and all patriots, are sufficient proof that the teachings of the Church which won for England Magna Charta, in its transplanting across the sea, were, as of old and from the first, in accord with popular freedom and the rights of man. Of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, two-thirds, it is claimed, were Churchmen. Of the leaders in the work of framing our national Government, when the struggle had ended in success, the most noted names are those of members of the Church to which Washington belonged, and in communion with which he lived and died. And yet the very name of the Church proved a hindrance to its growth, and rendered it for years an object of suspicion and dislike. It was still in the popular view 'the Church of England.' Prior to the War, the claim of the Church for the completion of its organization by the introduction of Bishops had excited bitter animosity and prolonged opposition. The active part taken by the loyalist clergy in New York in frustrating the measures of the Sons of Liberty at the very inception of the struggle, gave great offence, and their pamphlet publications in support of the measures of the Crown were burned under the Liberty Tree with every accompaniment of contumely and personal hate. The withdrawal of the refugee clergy, and the breaking-up of the relations of priest and people directly or indirectly incident upon the strife, contributed to the depression of the Church; and that religious body which before the War was the Church of the officers of the Crown, of the leading importers and merchants, of the professional men, of the large landed proprietors, of the cultured and travelled portion of the community, the Church that was 'established' in Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, that was dominant in New York and New Jersey, and strong in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and in eastern Massachusetts, became almost extinct. Of the two thousand 'clerks in holy orders' who are known to have ministered on the American continent from the first intro-

duction of the Church in the latter half of the Sixteenth Century to the year of peace, 1783, scarcely more than a hundred remained in the exercise of their ministry. Many of these were superannuated. Not a few were secularized, driven by poverty and the loss of their parishes to seek their bread by teaching or by manual labor. In Massachusetts and Rhode Island less than half a dozen clergymen remained. In Connecticut, at the period of Washington's inauguration, there were but about a score; in New York, including the Bishop, there were seven. In New Jersey and Delaware only about the same number remained at their posts. The same was true of Pennsylvania, where under White the Church was just beginning to revive. Nineteen clergymen met after the War in Maryland, to act upon measures for perpetuating the Church. Virginia had about the same number still faithful to their work. At the South, it was only in South Carolina that there were enough of the clergy left to organize and attempt to revive the Church. Even later than the period of which we write, Chief Justice Marshall, himself a Churchman, despaired of the Church. In his native State it had been despoiled of its glebes, robbed of its churches, and plundered even of its sacred vessels and the other accessories of reverent service.

Thus was it a century ago. How different is it now, when on the 30th of April, 1889, all over the land the bells of thousands of churches will summon the people to offer to God in the words of Common Prayer used by the Father of his Country a century ago, the grateful acknowledgment of the blessings showered upon us as a people during this eventful period of our national existence. The Church of Washington's life-long membership is the Church of tens and hundreds of thousands of people scattered all over the land. It has risen from depression. It has overcome misunderstanding and opposition. It has grown with the country's growth. It has developed at many points far in excess of the relative increase in population. It is the Church of culture, of Christian liberality, of catholic tolerance, of an enlarged missionary zeal. Its statistics place it among the leading religious bodies of the land. Its wealth is exceeded by none. Its charities are proportionate to the riches given of God to its members. Its works of benevolence have won for it the respect of all men. Its literary institutions have taken root and grown on every side. Its dioceses have increased by the creation of new sees and the division of the older and larger ones, till they embrace the entire area of the United States. It seeks to be the American Church, because historically, and in its broad tolerance, in its adaptation to all classes and conditions of men, it would be the Church of Americans, knowing no allegiance to foreign potentate or power, and owning fealty alone to Christ its Head.

WILLIAM STEVENS PERRY  
(BISHOP OF IOWA).

### The Lounger

I HAVE HAD the pleasure of running across John Burroughs two or three times lately, and he tells me that he is not doing as much literary work as he used to: he is turning his attention to husbandry. He has just added to his acres at West Park, and is now 'going in for' the scientific cultivation of the vine. He set out slips a year or so ago, and expects to pick the first grapes off the new vines very early in the season. Mr. Burroughs goes into the vineyard himself, and says that he can easily pick a ton of grapes in a day. He thinks the cultivation of the vine is going to bring him in a handsomer income than the cultivation of the pen, and I have no doubt he is right. It pays to write a successful novel, like that other Hudson River pomologist, the late Mr. Roe, but such literature as Mr. Burroughs creates is not read by the million. Of course I do not mean that Mr. Burroughs's books are published at a loss. Far from it. At the same time he would find it pretty hard to live on the income from his pen, for it takes a good many thousand copies of a book to yield an author much of a revenue on a ten per cent. royalty.



FOR A good many years Mr. Burroughs derived a part of his subsistence from his salary as a United States bank-examiner. What a business for a man of his temperament! Think of adding up columns of figures till your head aches, your thoughts all the time playing truant and running off to the fields and the roadsides! But Mr. Burroughs did his work conscientiously and satisfactorily, and was probably very glad to have the position. At the same time he was more than glad when he lost it, for his health was beginning to suffer from this close application to accounts. Now he is out of doors all the time, and he is interested in every detail of the work in his vineyards. He still retains a Government appointment, however, for he is the postmaster at West Park, N. Y. Esopus was formerly his post-office address, but he was two miles away from that village. Now a railroad runs within hailing distance of his door, and he does not have a two-mile walk for his mail every morning. He misses this tramp very much though, for he says that it nearly always gave him something to think about and to write about. Now we will 'await developments,' and see what the vineyard will do for literature. As for the fruit of the vine, I already foresee a great demand for the 'early Burroughs Concord'!

A SCENE was enacted at the American Art Galleries, when the Verestchagin pictures were on exhibition there, that I would have given a pretty penny to witness. Mr. George Kennan, who has become famous by his exposure of the Siberian exile system, was looking at the pictures with his wife one day, when the painter asked them if they wouldn't like to go into the little rug-hung music-room where the piano stood, and hear the young Russian lady play Russian popular airs. Of course they said they would. A few peasant melodies were played, and then Mr. Verestchagin, with the enthusiasm of a boy, said: 'We'll get the two muzhiks, and have some singing.' He rushed out, and presently brought back the two red-shirted ex-soldiers whom he brought to America with him, and clapping them on the back, said: 'Now boys, we're going to sing; open your mouths well, and don't be afraid.' The muzhiks looked rather timid and embarrassed, but when the young woman began the accompaniment of the popular Russian boatman's song 'V'nes po matoshka po Volga' ('Down the Mother Volga'), they joined Verestchagin in singing it. As both words and music were perfectly familiar to Mr. Kennan, he couldn't help taking part; to the great astonishment, of course, of the muzhiks, who little expected to hear an American singing one of their songs in the city of New York.

VERESTCHAGIN 'conducted' with great dash and enthusiasm, waving one arm as if it were a baton, and singing with admirable taste, spirit and expression. As a 'scratch' quartette, brought together at a moment's notice, the singers fairly distinguished themselves. Verestchagin, however, was not satisfied with the voices of the muzhiks, and striking them with mock severity on the breast, he exclaimed laughingly: 'Akh! you scoundrels, why don't you sustain your parts? Open your mouths and let your voices come out.' To encourage the muzhiks, Mr. Kennan then sang for them the 'Little Russian Marseillaise,' and 'On the Volga there is a Cliff.' Then they all tried dance-music, and sang in chorus songs to which the American traveller had danced many times in Siberia all night long. Verestchagin finally became so roused by the inspiring music that, while still singing, he snatched his handkerchief out of his pocket, and waving it in the air began to dance the 'Rooski'—one of the Russian peasants' national dances, while the muzhiks and Mr. Kennan sang and marked time with a clapping of hands in Siberian style. It was a great lark, and the quiet American came near being so carried away by the Russian artist's boyish enthusiasm as to join in the dance himself. One of these same timid, easily-embarrassed muzhiks, who didn't dare to 'open his mouth and let his voice out,' had, I believe, been decorated with one of the highest Russian crosses of honor for extraordinary gallantry on the field of battle before Plevna. Verestchagin himself has the cross of St. George, which is the highest Russian army decoration.

A LADY in this city whose husband's Christian name is William, but who has always called him 'Charlie,' as a pet name or 'for short,' was amused some time ago by a bill coming to the house, addressed to 'William Charles \_\_\_\_.' The incident was soon forgotten; but not long after came another bill, from another shop, similarly addressed. 'Others followed, from time to time; and the gentleman and his wife were more and more puzzled, until the discovery was made that the directory gave the name in that form. Why it should add a second name to that which had been given at the baptismal font, and how it had hit upon the very one which the lady had chosen as a pet name for her husband, was a mystery

which remained unsolved till one of the servants unriddled it. Knowing her employer's first name to be William, and having so often heard his wife call him 'Charlie,' she had assumed Charles to be his 'middle name,' and had instructed the 'directory man' accordingly. So the revised version of my friend's name has become the authorized edition, as it were.

### Boston Letter

I WAS REMINDED a few days ago of the uncertainty of literary reputation by the inquiry of a rising young author of this city, 'Who is this Frank Gray, whose style of talk was recalled by the historian Motley on listening to the conversation of Macaulay?' The young author to whom I refer had been reading Mr. George William Curtis's attractive article on 'Motley's Letters' in the March *Harper's*, and was somewhat surprised that a man of whom he had never heard, should have been a famous scholar and converser here in Boston at a time when it was universally recognized as the literary centre of the country. As other persons, authors included, may be as ignorant of Frank Gray as my friend, it seems to me worth while to clear up the obscurity into which he has fallen.

Francis Calley Gray was one of the sons of William, or 'Billy' Gray, as he was familiarly called, the largest ship-owner in the United States in his day—and in whose counting-room Joshua Bates, the founder of the Boston Public Library, was brought up. Mr. James Gray of the Supreme court of the United States is a nephew of Francis C. Gray. He was a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1809, and among his classmates was Dr. George Parkman, whose murder by Prof. Webster created such a sensation in this country and Europe. After graduation he devoted his attention to literary and historical studies, and being possessed of ample means and abundant leisure, his natural abilities enabled him to amass an unusual amount of information, and to pour it forth when the occasion suited.

This prodigy of acquisition, however, dispensed his stores of knowledge mainly among his personal friends, who never tired of hearing him discourse upon such subjects as suited his fancy, and always resorted to him when desiring information which was not readily accessible. The historian Prescott, who was one of his most valued friends, declared that Gray was the most remarkable man he ever knew for variety and fulness of information, and a perfect command of it. He was a walking encyclopaedia, adds Prescott, who said that he had seen many men who had excellent memories, provided you would let them turn to their libraries to get the information you wanted, but no matter on what subject you talked with Gray his knowledge was at his finger's end, and entirely at your service.

George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, was another intimate friend of Gray; they travelled in Europe together when young men and in middle life, and when Mr. Ticknor and his family returned from their foreign tour in 1838, their own house being rented, they were entertained under Gray's hospitable roof for five months. In the preface to his history, Ticknor refers to his friend as a scholar who should permit the world to profit more than it does by the large resources of his accurate and tasteful learning. George S. Hillard in his biography of Ticknor refers to the limited use which Gray made of his attainments, in the remark that his immense stores of accurate knowledge were scarcely made available to any except those who enjoyed his personal acquaintance, but whose conversation, enriched by them, was invaluable to his friends.

Francis C. Gray, however, did good though modest work in the departments of study which especially interested him; he was an active member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, though by some mischance the memoir of him which that learned body voted to have prepared for its proceedings, is still wanting. He wrote a pamphlet on 'Prison Discipline in America,' of which the cultured and philanthropic Prince John of Saxony said that it almost shook his nearly fixed opinion in favor of the separate system. Indeed, Gray's dispassionate manner of presenting his conclusions inspired great confidence in his judgment. I may add that he was a warm friend of Harvard College, of the Corporation of which he was long a Fellow, and at his death he bequeathed to it a superb collection of engravings which is now deposited in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Though not a brilliant orator, his oration on the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's birthday, in the Old South, was recalled by Edward Everett as a memorable production. These facts will give some idea of the man of whom Motley was reminded in listening to the conversation of Macaulay.

An attractive book soon to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is the Life of Richard H. Dana, distinguished alike as man-of-letters, publicist, and lawyer. He is best known to the public as the author of that nautical classic, 'Two Years Before the Mast.'

His biographer is Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who is especially qualified for the work by his familiarity with the circles in which Mr. Dana moved. Indeed the book is a picture of the social as well as intellectual side of Boston, and the views of life and manners are full of local color. Its interesting anecdotes and lightness of touch are especially attractive features of this biography.

Another valuable book which the same firm are to publish the first week in April, is John Fiske's 'Beginnings of New England.' It deals especially with the theocracy of the Puritans, and the author's independence as a thinker gives interest to it aside from his power of graphic narration. A book of a different cast, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in about ten days, is 'Profit Sharing,' by Nicholas P. Gilman, editor of *The Literary World*. This is an important sociological treatise, the result of personal examination of the workings of the profit sharing principle, and deals with it both practically and philosophically.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith's 'A White Umbrella in Mexico,' just published by this firm, is attracting attention by its picturesque sketches with pen and pencil, of the characteristic attractions of the country. It abounds in racy descriptions. Its fifth chapter, 'The Old Chair in the Sacristy of Zacatécas,' was received with great favor as recited by Mr. Smith at the recent Author's Reading. His piquant way of expressing himself is illustrated by the reply which he made to the business-like letter which his publishers sent to him asking his opinion of the mechanical execution of his book (which, by the way, is very dainty and artistic). His laconic but lively answer was: 'It's a daisy from Flower-Land.'

The list of D. Lothrop Co.'s publications for this year includes new books by H. H. Boyesen, J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. H. M. Alden, Edward E. Hale, 'Marion Harland,' Margaret Sidney, Willis Boyd Allen, Elbridge S. Brooks and Emma L. Connelly. Prof. Boyesen's 'Vagabond Tales' is one of the most noteworthy of these publications. Mrs. Moody's 'Alan Thorne' has made a marked impression by its freshness and vigor. John L. Heaton's 'Story of Vermont' was kept back from the press to await the formation of the President's Cabinet, and the author's foresight as a newspaper man is shown by the fact that the name of the Secretary of War was standing 'in copy' for days before the nomination was made public. I learn that Mr. Black's 'Story of Ohio' has been already accepted for use in a number of schools in that State.

The Authors' Reading last Thursday was in every way successful, and Mr. Dana Estes deserves great credit for his organizing work as secretary of the International Copyright Association. The reception to the visiting authors at the St. Botolph Club was highly enjoyable.

BOSTON, March 11, 1889.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

## Two New Plays

'A GOLD MINE,' the new play by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop, in which Mr. Nat C. Goodwin seems to have made a popular hit at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is a rather disappointing work on account of its inequalities and inconsistencies. If the whole of it were up to the level of its best scenes, it would be a genuine comedy of decided merit, but the authors, unfortunately, have descended at times to purely farcical expedients, and have sacrificed artistic propriety and probability for the sake of a little cheap laughter. The central figure is an American, uncultured but with abundant shrewdness, experience and energy, who goes to England to sell a gold mine. He is entertained there by a capitalist, whose son reminds him of his only brother, who committed suicide because he had no friend to help him at a moment when he was threatened by ruin and disgrace. He is greatly attached to the young Englishman, and discovering that the latter, like his brother, has got himself into serious financial difficulties, he sells his mine to the capitalist for half its value and secretly devotes every penny of the money to pay the lad's debts. By this act he not only reduces himself to beggary, but incurs voluntarily all sorts of humiliation and puts an apparently insuperable barrier between himself and the woman he loves. It is needless, perhaps, to add that in the end he finds his reward in a happy marriage and increased fortune.

The improbability of all this is evident. The motive of the American's phenomenal self-sacrifice is insufficient, and the manner of it reflects little credit upon his business ability. With a gold mine for security he could easily have effected an arrangement with the creditors without losing his property altogether. But, letting this pass, protest must be made against the inconsistencies in the character of the American himself. It is absurd to suppose that a man of his experience could be as ignorant of the simplest forms of civilization as he is represented to be in the first act, especially when his subsequent conduct is taken into consideration. In the later scenes the situations are much more reasonable and may be

classed fairly as comedy, while the dialogue, if rather over-elaborated, is often very bright and amusing.

That Mr. Goodwin made a personal success in the character of the American cannot be disputed, but his performance leaves much to be desired. Curiously enough he was seen to best advantage in the serious scenes. On the whole his impersonation showed a laudable effort at self-restraint, and certainly demonstrated his ability to do better work than any he has yet attempted. The best character sketch in the piece is that of the young Irish 'M. P.,' played by Mr. Buckley, which is drawn with a very light, free and clever touch. The capitalist is a libel; but his sister, the rich widow who marries the hero, is a true woman, and is capably played by Miss Forsyth. Miss Ida Vernon, too, is entitled to credit for her vivacious representation of an elderly retired actress, once a famous Juliet.

Mr. Charles Barnard's play, 'The County Fair,' with which the new Twenty-third Street Theatre was opened, owes its origin partly to the success of 'The Old Homestead,' which has given an immense impetus to the manufacture of New England plays, and partly to a desire to provide a suitable character for Mr. Neil Burgess. Of plot there is little or none—a mere skeleton of story to warrant the introduction of several country scenes and a variety of country folk, among whom the chief is Aunt Abby (another Widow Bedott, with a little added benevolence), enacted of course by Mr. Burgess. The farm scenes, exterior, interior and landscape, are admirably painted, and the great effect, a horse-race, is made realistic by ingenious stage mechanism. The play is likely to become popular, but is greatly overweighted by unnecessary and trivial dialogue.

## Magazine Notes

MR. HENRY JAMES'S 'Animated Conversation' in *Scribner's Magazine* would probably come under Judge Tourgee's ban. In it Mr. James, symmetrically divided into six persons, half of them English and half American, dallies with the Fisheries Question, with International Copyright, with the future of the English-speaking peoples, with rocking-chairs, ice-water and the American language; making full use of his privilege, so cleverly acquired, of self-contradiction. W. B. Scott has a well written and illustrated article about 'A German Rome'—the Colonia Augusta Trevirorum, now known as Treves—with a full account of its ruins, its history and its legends. Ex-Postmaster-General James writes of 'The Railway Mail Service,' with many illustrations; and W. F. Athorp of 'Wagner's Heroes and Heroines,' with portraits of noted actors. Thomas A. Janvier recounts some curious Mexican superstitions about unlucky days, omens, and legends more curious still, especially that of the wicked but charitable Don Juan Manuel, whose only fault was a penchant for murder and who had angels for hangmen. 'The Master of Ballantrae' is continued, and there are short stories by Robert Grant and William McKendree Bangs.

In *The Atlantic* for March, Charles Dudley Warner preaches a short sermon on simplicity, with the story of Nausicaä for text. The essay illustrates agreeably the very quality for which it is a well-considered plea. There is a long and appreciative notice of Prof. Bryce's 'American Commonwealth,' which may serve as a good introduction to the book itself; John Fiske tells the story of Ticonderoga, Bennington and Oriskany; and Elizabeth W. Bellamy has the first half of a short story, 'Hannah Calline's Jim.' Mr. Whittier contributes a short poem, 'The Christmas of 1888,' which sufficiently demonstrates his retention of the poetic faculty beyond the age of three-score years and twenty. The 'Tragic Muse' is still invoked by Mr. James, and Prof. Hardy's 'Passe Rose' is continued.

In the *March Forum*, Prof. Charles E. Norton proposes 'A Definition of the Fine Arts,' which is essentially sound though not novel—that they are the arts of expression in beautiful forms created by the imagination. He goes on to deplore the paucity of work by Americans which would come under this definition, regretting our tendency to make mere workmanship the principal test of excellence in the fine arts, and also our readiness, as in the case of Richardson the architect, to accept even crude and hasty work from those in whom we perceive indications of genius. He sees little hope for improvement in the immediate future, giving too little attention, perhaps, to those minor examples of a poetic sense of beauty fitly expressed, among which may be reckoned certain eloquent passages of his essay. In the same number, Andrew Lang, writing of and to reviewers, reminds us not to be indifferent, but to interest ourselves in even the humble author and his book. (Prof. Norton might be asked to do the same for the humble American artist.) James Sully has a learned article on 'Dreams as Related to Literature'; and Kate Stephens recounts the progress made in the last sixty years in 'Advanced Education for Women.'



In the name of commonsense, Mr. George S. Boutwell presents us, in the current *North American Review*, with some arguments, neither new nor very seductively put, against International Copyright. His 'Commonsense and Copyrights' presents the law as it stands, but does not show that it should remain. Gen. Sherman recounts some exciting episodes of 'Old Times in California'; W. J. Henderson bewails the 'Decadence of Song' and the prominence of the actor rather than the singer in modern opera, attributing the blame principally to Wagner and the unmusical character of his mother-tongue; and Judge Albion W. Tourgee defends Zola's naturalism as more wholesome and more truthful than the commonplace 'realism' of certain American writers.

A brief biography of Edward Everett Hale, in *The Cosmopolitan*, is chiefly remarkable for the full account given of the Doctor's peculiarly American all-round training, as journalist, author, scholar, railroad man, statesman, preacher and man of the world. His portrait, drawn by Gribayedoff, is the frontispiece of the number. John P. Jackson writes of the Ring of the Nibelung, with portraits and other illustrations; Ernest Ingersoll describes 'Winter Days in Montreal'; and David Ker the ancient city of Constantine in Algeria; Ouida has a rhapsody on 'Birds'; Wong Chin Foo the second part of his Chinese novel; and Richard Henry Stoddard 'A Catch.'

## The Fine Arts

### The Whistler Exhibition

YOU ENTER through a rose-colored mist into a restricted fairyland at the rear of Mr. Wunderlich's store. You are, as it were, caught up in a sunset cloud and transported to some eight-by-ten elysium where, for all your good deeds in the flesh, you are rewarded by a sight of Mr. James McNeill Whistler's pictures. They are hung, some five dozen of them—paintings, drawings, pastels, 'harmonies,' 'nocturnes,' 'notes,'—in flat gold frames, on walls of pink silk, with nothing to keep them company or to distract attention from them but two Chinese vases in 'crushed strawberry' and 'sang de bœuf' in the further corners of the room. You will stop to admire the room—everybody does,—and to think it so very Whistler-like, though it is the creation, not of Mr. Whistler, but of Mr. Kennedy; and then you will go to look at the pictures, sure that you cannot again be surprised into admiration.

But agreeably surprised you will be, especially if you have read much of the slightness, the indecision, and so forth, of Whistler's recent work. It is true that most of these pictures are mere sketches, as large as your hand; that they have cost the painter very little for material or for labor; but they show a lightness of touch, a clearness of intention, a perception of what constitutes harmony in line and color and treatment, absolutely unique among living artists. It may be said that every true artist has moments when he does things more or less resembling them. But, for that very reason, it is the artists who appreciate Whistler most. There is probably no one who will not acknowledge that the crowd in the 'Market-place at Dieppe' or that on the 'Beach at Trouville' (Nos. 19 and 20) is a miracle of cleverness. Each figure, each group is jotted down with such particularity of characterization, such vitality of movement as would make the fortunes of a hundred *vierges* or *jongkinds*; yet the crowd, as a whole, does not lack unity; and, as one looks, he forgets the technique; which is probably what the painter means when he says, in his preface to the catalogue: 'A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared.'

Equally full and satisfactory are the 'Downs at Dieppe' (No. 31) and the 'Harmony in Gold and Brown, Dordrecht, with flat meadows and boats in the foreground and red-roofed houses and trees in the distance. Others are slighter; but none is dull, forced or vulgar. Need it be said that it does not follow that Mr. Whistler is to be taken at his own highest estimate? We may, we hope, maintain that the spark in an electric scarf-pin is a light, without being supposed to equal it to the sun at midday.

### The Irwin Davis Paintings

PREVIOUS to sale at auction, a part of Mr. Irwin Davis' collection of modern pictures is on view at the Fifth Ave. Art Galleries. Among the paintings thus shown are some noted examples of the best modern French painters, and a few by Americans not unworthy of their company. We can only mention a few of each class. Of several examples of Courbet we would point to the painting of cliffs and green meadows 'In the Jura Mountains' and 'The Blacksmith's Shop' in an angle of a court-yard. Manet's 'Marine,' 'Boy with Sword' and 'Woman with Parrot' are well-known. Mettling's 'Flowers'; Munkacsy's 'Landscape with Haymakers'; Barye's water-color drawings of a 'Bear' and a 'Tiger'; Millet's 'Bather' and 'Haymaker,' and Delacroix's 'Lion Hunt'

have been publicly exhibited before in New York. One of the treasures of the collection is Bastien Lepage's 'Joan of Arc.' Vollon's 'Still Life' of fish, Rousseau's 'Sunset' over the rocks of Apremont, Millet's 'Study of Rocks,' Daubigny's 'Harbor of Dieppe,' Corot's 'Summer Morning,' Lavielle's 'Moonlight' in a village street and Delacroix's sketch for his grand composition, 'The Crusaders Entering Constantinople,' are less well-known to New Yorkers, but equally good. Wyatt Eaton's 'Reflection,' a handsome female head; Alden Weir's 'Flowers,' and Twachtman's 'Harbor Scene' are among the best of the American pictures.

### Etchings at Klackner's

AN EXHIBITION of the etched work of Thomas Moran and Mary Nimmo Moran is open at Klackner's. Though husband and wife, each, as is well-known to amateurs, sees and interprets nature in a different way. Mr. Moran likes complicated and difficult subjects, composes in the Turneresque manner, and is master of a technique equalled for range and subtlety by few living etchers. Mrs. Moran's work is bolder, broader and more often displays sympathy with the ordinary aspects of nature. Among the best of the first-named artist's etchings are 'The Much-Resounding Sea'; 'Morning,' a sunrise effect on a road over sandhills and between salt ponds at Easthampton, L. I.; 'The Gate of Venice'; and 'In the Newark Meadows.' Of Mrs. Moran's works we like best those in which mezzotint or some equivalent process has been used to help out the etched lines. 'Between the Gloaming and the Mirk,' and 'Twilight, Easthampton,' are examples. There are also at Klackner's a few drawings in chalk and in India-ink ascribed to Albrecht Dürer.

### Art Notes

*The Portfolio* for February has a fine photograph of a portrait of Van Eyck in the English National Gallery. The principal article is on Westminster Abbey, recounting the legends of its foundation. It is well illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings of the cloister and the refectory, and a full-page etching of the south transept by Herbert Railton. Other interesting contents are an illustrated article on the scenery of Dartmoor, by J. W. Page, and one on Lorenzo Lotto, by Julia Cartwright.

—Fortuny's 'Snake-Charmer,' etched by Boilvin, is the frontispiece of the *March Magazine of Art*. The principal contents are 'Art in the Theatre,' by Augustus Harris; 'The Isle of Arran,' by L. Higgin; Francis Ford's illustrated paper on Egyptian textiles; and C. N. Williamson's account of the rise of illustrated journalism in England. Among the woodcut illustrations, two after paintings by Henley and Alma-Tadema, in the article on 'Current Art,' some illustrations of ancient Irish metal-work, and the illustrations to Mr. Higgin's article, are of more than average merit. There are two interesting portraits of D. G. Rossetti, one taken at the age of forty-two, the other immediately after his death.

—The color plates of the *March Art Amateur* are an excellent study of 'Roses' after a painting by Victor Dagon, and a design for a tea-service with fern-leaf decoration on a pale green ground. The story of the false Rosa Bonheur in the Stebbins collection, a 'drawing' which Mr. Montague Marks discovered to be only a photograph touched up, is told at length in the Note-Book, and makes interesting reading. There is an illustrated notice of the late Alexandre Cabanel, and technical articles on 'Amateur Photography,' 'Flower-painting' and 'Carving.'

—*The Century Guild Hobby-Horse* is the odd title of an artistic London periodical, published in this country by White & Allen. The Guild which uses this magazine as a medium of expression aims at revivifying art by recognizing its unity; that is, by treating all sorts of art-work, decorative and other, as of equal dignity. The contents of the October (1888) number, which is before us, include a Bundle of Letters 'On the Art of Listening,' 'On the Art of Reading Aloud,' 'On the Art of not Doing Too Much,' and such-like subjects, by Selwyn Image; a description of some obsolete musical instruments by A. J. Hipkins; poems by Lionel Johnson and H. P. Horne; and two full-page illustrations, a photogravure of a drawing by F. Madox Brown, 'King Rene's Honeymoon,' and a 'Danae in the Brazen Chamber,' a woodcut by Swain from a drawing by Frederick Sandys. The make-up of the new magazine is attractive, the paper heavy, the margins liberal, the type bold and readable, and the ornaments, designed by Mr. Horne, artistic and original.

—Paintings and drawings by, the late F. O. C. Darley, paintings contributed by members in aid of the Artist's Fund Society, and paintings and studies of the late R. W. Hubbard, were sold at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries on the 5th, 6th and 7th inst. Fair prices were obtained. Mr. Darley has won a lasting place in the

history of American art as an illustrator of unusual powers. Mr. Hubbard was a painter of landscape who had a genuine talent for depicting the scenery of our mountain and forest regions.

—A large painting by Leon L'hermitte, 'La Fenaïson,' is on exhibition at Boussod, Valadon & Co.'s gallery in Fifth Ave. It contains four life-sized figures of haymakers at rest in a rocky upland meadow. One, an old man, facing the spectator, is hammering his scythe-blade into shape. A landscape by Cazin and some other new pictures are also shown.

—The Tiffany Glass Co. have just finished a large memorial window in stained glass representing a group of teachers and pupils under a grape arbor. The design is by Will H. Low.

—The seventeenth annual exhibition of the Interstate Industrial Exposition Co. of Chicago will begin on Sept. 4 and remain open until Oct. 19. Artists are invited, by circular, to contribute, the Company assuming all expenses, and charging no commissions on works sold. Mr. Potter Palmer offers two prizes of \$500 each for the best landscape or marine, and for the best figure picture, the art committee of the exhibition to decide the awards.

### International Copyright

NOT far from \$2000 is believed to have been cleared by the Authors' Readings given in the Boston Museum, on Thursday afternoon of last week, for the benefit of the International Copyright Association. Officers of the Association with invited guests occupied seats upon the stage or in the boxes and the house was well filled. Prof. W. W. Goodwin presided, and in his introductory remarks sketched the work of the Association and told what it hoped to accomplish. He then introduced Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who read his selections in a clear voice and with delightful expression. The program was as follows:

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. 'The Last Leaf,' 'Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Carolue,' 'Dorothy Q' and 'The Chambered Nautilus.'

Samuel L. Clemens. 'Speech on the New England Weather.'

Charles Dudley Warner. 'The Yankee Philosopher.'

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. 'Our Country,' 'Balaklava' and 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'

Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston. 'The Engagement of Miss Doolana Lines.'

F. Hopkinson Smith. 'Behind the Rialto.'

John Boyle O'Reilly. 'A Few Epigrams,' 'Ensign Ephs, the Color Bearer' and 'A Wonderful Country, Far Away in Bohemia.'

George W. Cable. Selections from 'Au Large.'

Col. Thos. Wentworth Higginson. 'Heirs of Time' and 'Sixty and Six' (both unpublished).

In the evening the readers were received informally by the St. Botolph Club.

### The Modern Comic Newspaper

[Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in *The Contemporary Review*.]

TO-DAY in England, where realists, outside of the Society of British Artists, are as yet so small a minority that they count for nothing, it is a mark of culture to prefer the past to the present. Perhaps, unconsciously, science has encouraged this preference by teaching, as a basis to all study, that the knowledge of what has been is the explanation of what is. One must be a Ruskin or a Pre-Raphaelite Brother to dispute evolutionary truths. But it is unfortunate that so often interest in earlier social and moral intellectual and natural conditions lessens that in their existing developments. The student who begins by analyzing sun myths, mediæval morals, and savage customs, because of their relations to Christianity and civilized society, but too likely ends by caring more for the affairs of pre-historic Aryans, Middle-aged Italians, or contemporary cannibals, than for those of his fellow countrymen. The cultured man who studies the art, literature, and life of earlier generations, gradually loses all pleasure in the things that are still about him. To enjoy fields and woods, and the sweet scents and sounds of summer, he must go back to Sicily with Theocritus. To find a fitting heroine for his song he must resurrect a Fausta or a Messalina, a fair mediæval sinner perhaps, but none later than a patched and powdered belle of the Eighteenth Century. Giotto and Botticelli are the standards for art; Villon and Herrick for poetry; the Borgias and Roman emperors for morals. Men would worship at the shrine of Cotytto or Astarte, and be redeemed from modern virtue; women would dress like Veronese or Gainsborough beauties, and be reclaimed from modern fashion. To use Mr. Rose's

figure of speech in the 'New Republic,' 'the cultured of to-day linger so long in the boundless gardens of the past, that they forget to enter the house of the present.'

Consequently the house, or rather their apartment in it, is bare and without signs of life. Or, to drop figures of speech, the present age, as reflected in the works of the educated classes, has but a negative character. Though the passion of the past was as strong during the Renaissance as it is to-day, then it confined itself to one definite period, now it embraces all bygone generations; then it came from a real love for one particular phase of culture, now it is rather a contemptuous indifference to the modern world. The creations of the Renaissance were as strongly marked as were their classic models or Gothic abominations. Most of the books written, pictures painted, and buildings erected during the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, are distinguished by nothing but authors', artists', and architects' indifference to the age in which they live. It seems as if so-called modern culture was gained only at the expense of positive character in its literary and artistic expressions. For this reason it is not so difficult to sympathize with Mr. Ruskin's regret that all children must be taught their fathers were apes and their mothers winkles. It is but too likely education for the masses will destroy whatever is peculiar to the thoughts and beliefs of the masses of to-day, just as the railroad is rapidly reducing costume and customs to uniformity.

However, the people, for all the modern schoolboards and public school systems, are, practically speaking, still uneducated. Moreover, from stern necessity as well as small knowledge of the past, they continue to live in the present. Therefore, the expression of their mental or moral attitude, whatever may be its intrinsic merit, is of more value relatively than the representative work of the educated. However it may be ignored to-day, the Greens of posterity will prize it because of this relative significance even more than poems like Mr. Swinburne's 'Atalanta in Calydon,' or pictures like Mr. Burne-Jones' 'Mermaids and Sybils.' The people, of course, do not find the definite means of expression of the educated. As a rule, they do not write books and criticisms and newspaper leaders, paint pictures, or design the houses and churches they often build. Indeed, only occasionally in the past—as in the sculptured grotesques of the Middle Ages—have they expressed themselves in concrete forms. But the beliefs and amusements they have unconsciously evolved have always in all times been the true reflection of their character. To know what a man believes and laughs at is to know the manner of man he is. The wild witch revels of the Broken reveal the rebellious spirit of mediæval slaves as clearly as could the most eloquent jeremiad. The jests of Pulcinello expose the absurdities of Neapolitans better than would a serious analysis of their failings. All such developments, so long as they are not immediate products of the present, are recognized as legitimate studies. A Michelet is honored for demonstrating the full meaning of the witch legend; a Maurice Sand for recording the history of masks and buffoons. But the faith or fun that is the outcome of the age seems to the cultured too vulgar and commonplace for serious consideration. And yet the English people of to-day have beliefs and amusements—despite Mr. Besant and the Beaumont trustees—as important in their significance and relations as Aryan sun myths or Broken revels on the one hand, or as *Atellana Fabula* or *Commedia dell'Arte* on the other. Furthermore, the student, by tracing the course of these modern developments, would be better able to understand similar growths in the past. The subject is a large one; to study it fully would be to study the history of the people. It is only possible within the small compass of a magazine article to consider one phase of belief or of amusement, and as the present is an over-serious age, it may be more profitable to choose for the purpose a form of recreation rather than a form of faith. It will at least prove that while the few—the *saving remnant* perhaps Mr. Arnold would call them—seek from earlier generations motives for tears or laughter, the many find plenty to laugh at in their own times.

The examination of popular recreations shows that there has always been a strong though unconscious need to personify common and usually not very laudable instincts of human beings, and to set up the consequent personifications to public laughter. From this need have been evolved all famous characters or types—the Maccus and Pappus of the ancients, the Arlecchino and Pulcinello of the Italians, the Scapin and Pierrot of the French, the Hans Wurst of the Germans. It is a curious fact that man is never so much amused as at his own expense. The reason these types made him laugh was because they were the reflections of his own moral shortcomings. Had they personified his virtues, he would have found them dull. Therefore their history, as George Sand has said, is not merely a study of certain grotesque and farcical developments, but that of real character, which can thus be followed in its growth and changes for better or worse from the most remote



antiquity to our own age, by an uninterrupted tradition of humorous fantasies, radically serious enough, like everything that strips and exposes the miseries of the moral man. It seems as if Democritus only laughed to justify the tears of Heraclitus.

If more definite knowledge of Maccus and Pappus was to be had, the philosophy of Rome might be better understood. As it is, they, like ruins on the Palatine and statues from the Tiber or the Campagna, are chiefly useful as subjects for the disputes which often seem the real, if not nominal, end of modern archaeologists. In the Italian masques, their legitimate descendants, not only the national character, but its every modification in town or province, was reflected. It was to satirize the pompous pedants of Bologna that the Dottore was invented; to set up to ridicule the parsimony of Venetian merchants, Pantaleone was given a place in the *Commedia dell'Arte*. Brighella was as quick and active and witty as the people of the upper town of Bergamo; Arlecchino as lazy and stupid and ignorant as those of the lower town. Pulcinello was the witty, slow, maccaroni-, *dolce-far-niente*-loving Neapolitan. There is scarcely an Italian city that did not, early or late, contribute its jester to the national comedy, just as to-day there is scarcely one that does not send its representative to the head-quarters of the Carnival. The list is interminable—Cassandrino and Caviello, Scapino and Scaramuccio, Spavento and Tartaglia, Rugantino and Stenterello—one might fill pages with their names. This very multiplicity is far more typical of the country than Pulcinello, usually looked upon as the great national masque. For all the military and naval proofs of the unity of Young Italy, she is even now a nation only in name. Sicilians already clamor for Home Rule; Neapolitans are for ever on the point of revolution. It is therefore characteristic that in the old days, when there was as yet no talk of unity, each city within its walls was as independent in creating laughter as in making laws.

While the Italian *Yorick* and M. Magnin have to their own satisfaction showed their learning in establishing the true origin of Polichinelle, neither has disputed his position as a popular French type. What he is, is of much more importance than where he came from. If he did inherit his humps from Maccus, his peculiar jollity and wit, his gasconades, his gallantry, his scepticism, above all, his freedom of thought and speech, are French, not Roman. He is a loyal caricature, not merely of Henry IV., as M. Magnin finds him, but of Michelet's Gaul. Like all French or Gallic free-thinkers, from Pelagius to Voltaire, from Voltaire to Renan, he is his own guide in religious as in secular matters. He fears God but little, the Devil not at all. He laughs alike at the orthodox and the reformer. In a word, he is noble in his independence or base in his anarchism, according as he is judged from a conservative or a liberal standpoint. Of course he is gallant; he would be no Frenchman if he were not. But though somewhat of a rake, it is his boast

Quoi qu'un peu libre en ses propos  
Ne fait point rougir la donzelle  
Qu'il divertit par ses propos.

It is equally of course, that he makes a joke of everything. 'The fault to which the character of this' (*i. e.*, the French) 'nation most verges,' says Kant, 'is the tendency to trifling or (to express it by a more courteous expression) to levity. Matters of weight are treated as jests, and trifles serve for the most serious occupation of the faculties.' In the caricature the fault is exaggerated, not modified. Pierrot—the original, and not Gaspard Deburan's creation—is also a Gaul to the heart's core, as amorous as the ancient barbarians who overran France, and the modern Frenchman who delights in the *Petit Journal* and the *Vie Parisienne*. He, too, is a worshipper at the altar of the Goddess of Lubricity.

Boire avec la brunette  
La soir au retour,

This is his highest ideal of pleasure. That he says what he thinks, and knows no social distinction is likewise a part of his Gallic inheritance. Valet or peasant, as the case may be, he has sprung from the people, and typifies the independence of the individual as it exists among them rather than among the educated classes and acknowledged rulers. With him it seems born of a simplicity akin to that of Sancho Panza, and an imbecility not far removed from that of the earliest Arlecchino. He is the opposite of Scapin, the quick-witted, the lively, ready with his repartee and skilful in intrigue. Half the humor of the old English clown was the outcome of his stolid stupidity; all the fun of the French Scapin results from his natural vivacity. Capitaine Fracasse is not merely Spavento under another name. It is a little difficult to point out the distinction. Every nation since the days of Plautus has had its harmless swaggering cowards, its braggarts, who fight with eyes shut. But in Fracasse there is something of the genial boasting and struggling between cowardice and vanity of a Tartarin, for example. In Fra-

casse, to be sure, the cowardice usually conquered. He called it magnanimity, however, and thus satisfies his vanity, which of the two qualities is the most genuinely French, and which in the Provençal is much the stronger. In certain respects, if not in broad outlines, Daudet's hero would be a very good successor to the old Capitaine. Parisian editors and French ministers still fight duels; France, like other European countries who believe an ounce of prevention better than a pound of cure, has still her large standing army. But, on the whole, even Frenchmen have now other than military ideals of heroism. Fracasse, when he could be induced to any combat, fought his fellow-man; Tartarin fights the Alps. These French types are but four of many. Some passed into the plays of Molière just as the characters of the *Commedia dell'Arte*, did into the comedies of Goldoni. All were exaggerations of French vices and weaknesses.

It would be interesting but entirely apart from the present subject to determine why it was the northern nations produced so few, if any, of these masques of the theatre. Robin Hood and his company, and Tyll Eulenspiegel, popular as they were, can hardly be ranked with the Italian and French stage jesters. But the point here really is, What was made by these nations of the characters they borrowed from other countries? In Germany Pulcinello became Hans Wurst, coarse and plain-spoken as the Reformers, introducing his buffooneries and scurrilities into the gravest discussions. In England he was transformed into the wife-beating, brutal Mr. Punch, whose performances, dear to British youth, French writers have declared would send little French children screaming into their nurses' arms.

[To be continued.]

### Current Criticism

THE 'ELECTRA' OF SOPHOCLES IN ENGLISH.—The Lyceum Theatre was filled from the floor to the roof yesterday afternoon [March 11], on the occasion of the performance by the pupils of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts of an English version of the 'Electra' of Sophocles, and the experiment, considering the character of the players and the manifest difficulties to be overcome, was more successful than might have been expected. Considerable ingenuity was displayed in preparing the scene for the representation of the tragedy. . . . Nine-tenths of the utterances of the chorus were chanted to instrumental accompaniment, and although the parts which were sung were infinitely more impressive than the parts which were spoken, there can be little doubt that the ear was gratified at the expense of the other senses. The music written by Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins, if not remarkable for inspiration, was generally discreet and appropriate, especially in its plaintive dirge-like quality during the chief crisis of the tragedy, but the authority for its introduction is of the slightest. The best argument in its favor is that it covers up a variety of faults, for when the Argive maidens tried to talk in unison the effect was anything but tragic. The value of a representation of this kind, with tyros for performers, is not very great as an aid to scholarship or an example of acting, but the effort was praiseworthy, nevertheless, on account of the care and intelligence bestowed upon it. The general gratification of the audience was manifested by close attention and liberal applause, and the public repute of the school will surely be benefited by the exhibition. The English version used was an adaptation by Mr. De Mille from various translations, and fulfilled its purpose, although it could scarcely be said to always reflect the poetic grandeur of the original.—*The Evening Post*.

### Notes

'JOHN CHARAXES: a Tale of the Civil War in America,' by Peter Boylston, and a new novel by the Duchess are in the Lippincott press. Messrs. Lippincott also announce for immediate publication 'The Queen of Bedlam,' by Capt. King. Vol. III. of the new 'Chambers's Encyclopædia' is issued this week.

—After a brief but checkered career of less than two years, *The American Magazine* has suspended publication—whether finally or not, we shall not venture to say.

—On Tuesday the Messrs. Harper published 'Constitutional Government in Spain,' by the Hon. J. L. M. Curry, LL.D., Mr. Perry Belmont's predecessor as Minister to Spain; 'Choice Cookery,' by Catherine Owen, author of 'Ten Dollars Enough,' 'Gentle Bread-Winners,' etc.; and 'The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley,' edited by Mr. George William Curtis—a work which entirely disproves Mr. Motley's own judgment of his epistolary gifts: 'I haven't the talent of Sam Weller to make my correspondent wish I had said more, which is the great secret of letter-writing.'

—A hundred illustrations will appear in the April *Century*, which is to contain, among articles covering a wide range of subjects, a number of papers relating to the Washington centennial, such as 'The Inauguration of Washington,' by Clarence W. Bowen; 'Washington at Mt. Vernon after the Revolution' and 'Washington in New York in 1789,' by Mrs. Burton N. Harrison; 'Original Portraits of Washington,' by Chas. Henry Hart; and 'A Century of Constitutional Interpretation,' by Prof. John Bach McMaster.

—*Harper's Bazar* for this week contains a portrait of its late editor, Miss Mary L. Booth, and an account of her life by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.

—'Climbing Mount St. Elias,' to appear in *Scribner's* for April, is the work of an American member of the Alpine Club, Mr. Wm. Williams, who with two Englishmen follow-members succeeded last summer in reaching the highest point ever attained on that mountain. Mr. Wm. H. Rideing will give a description in the same number of 'The Building of an Ocean Greyhound'; and Mrs. James T. Fields will tell of some of the treasures in her husband's library—memorials of Scott, De Quincey, John Wilson, and Dr. John Brown. Walter Pater, author of 'Marius the Epicurean,' will contribute the End Paper—a story of 'Shakspeare's English Kings.'

—Mr. Charles Alexander Nelson will leave the Astor Library to take charge of the new Howard Library in New Orleans.

—'Poems and Ballads, Third Series' is the title of Mr. Swinburne's new volume of verse, much of which has not heretofore been published.

—The performance of 'Electra' at the Lyceum last Monday was so well received that Messrs. Sargent and De Mille have arranged with Manager Frohman for four more performances, to be given on the Wednesday and Friday afternoons of the next two weeks.

—Mr. Maurice Thompson writes to us as follows, from Bay Saint Louis, Miss.:—'Referring to the kind notice of my book "The Story of Louisiana" in THE CRITIC of March 2, I lift myself on my elbow in my sick-bed, where I have lain for nearly three weeks, to say that I did not read the proofs of the book, or any part of the letter-press, until after the work appeared. I wrote no part of the book except that which appears in large type—namely, the preface and story proper. If I had had oversight of the proofs, the mistakes would not have occurred. I thank you for calling attention to them.'

—Mme. Louise von Schiller, who has died at Stuttgart at the age of eighty-five, was the wife of the poet's eldest son, Karl von Schiller.

—The *Popular Science Monthly* for April will contain a scientific explanation of the power to ensnare the mind possessed by the leading delusion of the day. It is by Prof. Joseph Jastrow, and is entitled 'The Psychology of Spiritualism.'

—Miss Alice C. Fletcher, who is engaged on a monograph of Omaha songs, the result of the observation of several years, has received much assistance from Mr. Francis La Flesche, of the Omaha tribe, a brother of the well-known 'Bright Eyes,' now Mrs. Tibbles. Considerably more than 100 songs have been obtained from native singers, and the music noted; and these, with the accompanying account of tribal ceremonies, will make the work a veritable picture of the life of the Omahas.

—A window in memory of William E. Forster and Matthew Arnold is to be put in St. Mary's Church, Ambleside.

—Between \$500 and \$1000 was cleared by the *Jahrmarkt* or fair held at 91 Fifth Avenue last week, for the benefit of the Home of the Summer Rest Society. The Society for Aiding Self-supporting Women announced for Thursday of this week (March 14) an entertainment at Palmer's Theatre, to consist of tableaux and readings from 'Ben Hur.'

—Lockwood & Coombes have nearly ready 'The Brotherhood of Letters,' by J. Rogers Rees, author of 'The Pleasures of a Book-worm.'

—A copy of the Gutenberg Bible from the library of the Earl of Hopetoun, was sold in London a fortnight ago for \$10,000. Mr. Quaritch was the buyer.

—Even should the unsigned will of the late Isaiah V. Williamson of Philadelphia fail of probate, the \$2,500,000 given by him in his lifetime will still suffice to build the training-school for boys which he projected and educate 300 pupils at a time. Mr. Williamson's charitable gifts amounted to several millions of dollars, yet the fortune which he left behind him is estimated at nearly \$10,000,000. The venerable philanthropist spent nothing upon himself, but in drawing up his will he so devised his savings that a host of relations will find themselves in easy circumstances.

—Beethoven, and Beethoven only, will be played at to-night's (Saturday's) concert of the Symphony Society. The programme comprises the First and Ninth Symphonies, the Overture 'Leonore' (No. 3), and the air 'Ah Perfido!' to be sung by Mme. Schroeder Hanfstaengl. In giving the finale to Schiller's 'Ode to Joy,' in connection with the Ninth Symphony, the orchestra will be assisted by various soloists and the full chorus of the Oratorio Society.

—Samuel Kydd's 'Sketch of the Growth of Public Opinion,' reviewed in our last number, is published by A. C. Armstrong & Son.

—Miss Bergliot Björnson, eldest daughter of the Norwegian poet Björnstjerne Björnson, has just made her *début* as an opera singer at Paris, and impresarios and artists are enthusiastic in her praise. She is nineteen years old, fair haired, tall and slender. For the next two years she is to continue her musical education, and at the end of that time a 'starring tour' to America may be undertaken. A daughter of Björnson is, of course, certain of a warm welcome here, if only from her compatriots.

—A 'Guide to Books Relating to Heraldry and Genealogy,' which George Gatfield of the British Museum has undertaken, will contain upward of 13,000 titles.

—The Royal Library at Berlin is the largest lending library in the world, for the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale, though they contain more volumes, are simply consulting libraries, no books being allowed to leave the building.

—A reprint of Flavio's translation of Montaigne has been prepared by Mr. J. P. McCarthy, M.P., and will be the first volume of a new series called the Stott Library.

—Mr. A. M. Palmer has granted a request from M. Coquelin, that Mrs. Agnes Booth may be permitted to play with him in a translation of a French comédietta on the occasion of his benefit at the Star Theatre on Friday evening, March 29. The piece has been translated by Mr. Brander Matthews. It will be the last thing on the bill, as Mrs. Booth earlier in the evening will have to appear in 'Captain Swift' at the Madison Square Theatre.

—The order of plays for M. Coquelin's final week at the Star Theatre, beginning March 25, is: Monday, 'Le Mariage de Figaro'; Tuesday, 'Jean Dacier'; Wednesday, 'Les Surprises du Divorce'; Thursday, 'Le Juif Polonais' ('The Bells'); Friday, 'Le Voyage de M. Perrichord'; Saturday evening, 'Le Gendre de M. Poirier.'

## The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### QUESTIONS

No. 1455.—I am desirous of procuring (by purchase) a copy of the Poems of John Sterling, published, I believe, by Hooker, between 1820 and 1852. Does any one know of a copy of the book for sale?

NEW YORK.

G. E. B.

## Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Alcott, Louisa M. A Modern Mephistopheles. \$1.50.....	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Briggs, M. C. The Sabbath. 60c.....	Phillips & Hunt.
Clough, Arthur Hugh. Poems. \$2.....	Macmillan & Co.
Crosby, Arthur. A Reasonable Faith. 30c.....	San Rafael, Cal.: Marin Journal Printing House.
Curry, J. L. M. Constitutional Government in Spain. \$1.....	Harper & Bros.
Fawcett, Edgar. A Demoralizing Marriage. 50c.....	Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Hardy, A. S. Elements of Analytic Geometry. 75c.....	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Hawthorne, Julian. Constance and Calbot's Rival. 75c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Houghton, R. C. John the Baptist. \$1.50.....	Phillips & Hunt.
Hunt, Leigh. Romances of Real Life. 2 vols. 75c each.....	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Kettle, J. S. The Statesman's Year Book. \$3.....	Macmillan & Co.
Levy, Amy. The Romance of a Shop. \$1.50.....	Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Mitchell, J. L. The Last American.....	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Motley, John Lothrop. Correspondence. Edited by George Wm. Curtis. 2 vols. \$6.....	Harper & Bros.
Murray, D. C., and Murray, H. A Dangerous Catspaw. 30c.....	Harper & Bros.
Onnet, G. The Double Wrong. Tr. by J. C. Curtin. 50c.....	Pollard & Moss.
Ouida. Guilderey. 25c.....	Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Owen, Catherine. Choice Cookery. \$1.....	Harper & Bros.
Peck, Wallace. The Story of the Puritans.....	St. Johnsbury, Vt.: Chas. T. Walter.
Pittenger, William. The Interwoven Gospels. 75c.....	John B. Alden.
Schaff, P. History of the Christian Church. Vol. VI. \$4.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Shinn, Geo. W. Notable Episcopal Churches in the United States. Boston: Moses King Corporation.	
Souvester, E. Confessions d'un Ouvrier. Ed. By O. B. Super. 20c.....	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Terry, M. S., and Newhall, F. H. Commentary on the Old Testament. Vol. I. \$2.25.....	Phillips & Hunt.
Ward, A. W. The Counter Reformation. 80c.....	A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Wood, J. G. Sixth Natural History Reader.....	Boston: School Supply Co.
Wythe, J. H. The Physiology of the Soul. \$1.25.....	Phillips & Hunt.